BOOK NO.
891.8 B686

ACCESSION
93369

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00637 0978

DATE DUE

SFPL NOV 10 '82

GAYLORD

WÝBOR Z BÁSNICTWI ČESKÉHO.

CHESKIAN ANTHOLOGY:

BEING

A HISTORY OF THE

Poetical Literature of Bohemia,

WITH TRANSLATED SPECIMENS

BY

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Prawau wlast gen w srdci nosíme,
Tuto nebze bíti ani krásti.

KOLLAR.

Our heart—our country's casket and defence—
Our country, none shall steal—none tear it thence.

Hudbu a zpěwy Čech milug.

LONDON:

ROWLAND HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1832

891.8
B686
93369

T. C. Hansard, Printer, Paternoster-row, London.

PREFACE.

"IF," says W. Wotton, in his 'Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning,' "Homer and Virgil had been Polanders, or High Dutch, they would never, in all probability, have thought it worth their while to attempt the writing of heroic poems." Expressions like these are frequently employed by men who scorn all instruction but that which flows from classic sources, and such expressions are too often only the exhibition of proud ignorance and idleness. It is easy to despise what we do not comprehend; and to contemn an unknown language and literature is a lighter task than to study them.

To treat with an affectation of disdain the subjects respecting which we are too vain, or too cowardly to confess our want of information, is an error as old as it is grievous. Procopius, in speak-

ing of the slavonian language, dismisses it as ἀτεχνῶς βαρβαρος ; and the συλα βηνοι returned the compliment by attaching to the words Cžud (foreigner), or Wlach (gaul), all the associations of contempt.

There are many pharisees in literature as well as in religion, wrapped up in the garments of self-idolatry, and making their very deficiencies the ground of their highest complacency. There are many blind wanderers through unbounded fields of instruction, who can discover nothing but nakedness—nothing but barrenness around them. Fertility itself offers no attractions to them—how much less can they understand the power of that benign principle which makes the waters gush forth, fresh, pure, and sparkling, from the very rocks of the desert.

If one purpose more than another has been ever present to my mind, in the attempts I have made to glean some stalks among the foreign harvests of literature, it has been, to extend the circle of benevolence and of generous affections. I know, for instance, how strong, how ancient, the antipathies between the slavonian and teutonic races, and some

allowance must be made for the feelings of the one, whose political independence has been so often sacrificed to the domineering influence of the other. But I would minister to no hostile sentiments. If men were as prone to look for what is good, in order to encourage charity, as they are to discover what is evil, in order to foster prejudice, the sum of evil would be wonderfully diminished, and the sum of good prodigiously increased. The place of our birth is accidental, and uncertain is the history of our ancestry; but in human improvement and happiness we have each and all of us a common interest and heritage. From the moment that *nationality* intrudes upon the general weal, it is pernicious, and unless closely watched, may become profligate. To the emotions and the exertions which embrace the widest field of generous thought and action, I desire to bring another contribution. What is narrow or exclusive in benevolence I would widen; all that is selfish I would fain control. The virtues become more intellectual—the intellect becomes more virtuous, by sometimes travelling beyond the little limits of family, and tribe, and nation. It is most delightful and most im-

proving to feel concerned in the well-being of those who are far removed from us—to hail them as part of the great family of man. To influence their felicity is the lot of but few—to rejoice in it and so to share it, might be the privilege of all.

It would have been very gratifying to me had I found leisure enough to have presented a complete picture of the whole literature of Bohemia. I desired to have spoken of the admirable translation of Winařicky, and to have traced the influence of others on the Cheskian people. That intention must be deferred to another occasion, if, indeed, it be not swept away in that whirlwind of cares, vicissitudes, disappointments, doubts, and vexations; which leaves in the deeds of our futute existence so few traces of the promises of the past.

TO

FR. LAD. ČELAKOWSKY.

YES! song should greet the son of song;
To him whose truth-taught pen imparts
The simple thoughts of simple hearts,
The offerings of such hearts belong;
And thou hast waked so sweet a strain,
That Albion echoes it again.

THY bard,* (Slavonia! hold him dear,
As worthy of thy brighter day!)
Whose spirit shall extend the ray
That flits across the silent tear,
Which sadness in its gloom lets fall
On Slava's melancholy pall:—

---

* Kollar, whose view of European Literature is thus ingeniously recorded:

"Ráno Slowan; den Němci magj; Anglicko poledne,
Francauz swačky; wěcez wlach giž, a Hispani noc;"

Slavonian dawn—german day—english midday—french afternoon—walachian evening—spanish night.

Has he not sung—and bards, my friend!
Are prophets still—that sunlight breaks
Upon Slavonia?—lo! she wakes,
(May blessings on her path attend!)
From slumbering ages, wakes at length
In beauty, dignity, and strength.

When wandering through Bohemia's land,
Uncertain where to rove or rest,
Thou of all guides, the kindest, best,
Didst lead me with fraternal hand
Through flowers—(thy country's sweetest dower)
And teach the name of every flower.

Here have I wreath'd them, and for whom—
For whom but thee? the garland wear:
I've waved it in our english air,
And now it breathes a new perfume,
I send the flow'rets back to thee,
Odorous with love and sympathy.

POETICAL LITERATURE

OF

BOHEMIA.

THE earliest and most important commercial intercourse between the Slavonians and other european nations was carried on in the city of JULINUM, at the mouth of the Oder, a city of whose extent, wealth, and influence, Adam of Bremen [Hist. Eccles. c. xii.] speaks with a sort of astonishment. Among its local regulations he mentions that the christians who traded there were not allowed to attempt to proselytise the inhabitants, whom he honors with this eulogium, that, though they observed the rites of paganism, there was no where to be found more courtesy of manners, nor a more benignant hospitality.* In the ninth century the labours of Method and

* To the intercourse with this city Dobrowsky attributes the existence of the words *torg* and *torv*, in swedish and danish, for *market*—it is a word of pure slavonic root.

Cyrill led to the conversion of the Slavonians to christianity; and, in a truly popular spirit, Cyrill occupied himself in translating the bible into the language of the people, and got severely lectured by Pope John VIII. for celebrating the mass in an intelligible tongue. "Audimus etiam quod missam cantes in barbara (Slavina) lingua. Unde jam literis per Paulum Episcopum Anconitanum tibi directis prohibuimus ne in ea lingua sacra missarum solemnia celebrares, sed vel in latina vel in græca, sicut Ecclesia Dei toto terrarum orbe diffusa et in omnibus gentibus dilatata cantat."* However, on a representation made personally to his holiness by Method, he was allowed to sing slavonic masses, and to explain "in auribus

* The apprehension that heresy would clothe itself in slavonian garments seems to have been constantly present to the church of Rome. It would indeed have been a dangerous experiment to have allowed polemical writings in languages which at Rome could find, probably, no interpreters. In the eleventh century, the monk of Sazawa talks of "per Sclauonicas literas hæresis secta hypocrisisque aperte irretitos ac omnino peruersos"— and Pope Gregory VII. in 1830, urgently counsels Wratislaw against the *imprudence* of employing slavonians in religious services.

populi," all unintelligible latin words; but the spirit of the romish church soon subdued the benevolent purposes of the holy father, and before two centuries had passed away the popular bishop was denounced as a heretic in the Spalatro synod, and all who had celebrated mass, or who should venture to celebrate it in the slavonian tongue, were delivered over to undoubted damnation.* The people appealed to the pope, but the pope fancied the slavonian language to be tainted with gothic heresy, and refused to listen. A happy thought saved the cyrillian translation. St. Jerome was a slavonian—born, undoubtedly, in Dalmatia—to him they attributed the invention of the old slavonian alphabet. The discovery was received with rapture—made its way to Rome—fell in with the prejudices of the time, and papal authority proclaimed the slavonian liturgy to be the work of the slavonian saint.

---

* On this occasion they confounded "Sclavonica lingua" and "*Gothicæ literæ*," deeming them identical. A foreigner was a goth—a goth an arian—an arian an undoubted child of perdition—and thus passion whetted its weapons upon ignorance, and attacked fiercely and blindly whatever it mistrusted.

Slavonian literature has no earlier records than this—but Bohemia was less influenced by it than the other slavonic nations. In the year 1080, king Wratislaw made an urgent appeal to Gregory VII., in order to obtain permission to employ the slavonian ritual, but his holiness sharply censured his "*vain temerity.*"

The Bohemian language (Český Gazyk) may be traced up to the sixth century, and is one of the southern branches of the great slavonian stem. Its dialects are the moravian, the silesian, and the slowakian as spoken in upper Hungary. Previously to the introduction of christianity, it can only be tracked through the few and meagre latin chronicles which treat of Bohemia, and record merely the names of slavonian persons and places. In the year 845, fourteen bohemian princes were baptized, and soon after Bořiwoy proclaimed christianity from the throne as the established religion. Wenceslaw introduced from Saxony and Swabia a number of german priests, through whom the bohemian was greatly enriched, by words of both latin and teutonic origin, and by the creation of numerous conjugates out of

slavonic roots. The oldest perfect specimen that exists of the bohemian language is a hymn written by Adalbert* the second bishop of Prague in the tenth century as follows:

Hospodyne pomiluy ny.	Lord! have mercy upon us.
Iĥu X̃pe pomiluy ny.	Jesus Christ! have mercy upon us.
Ty spasse wsseho mira	Thou, Saviour of the whole world,
Spasyz ny y uslyss	Save us, and listen,
Hospodyne hlassy nassye	Lord! to our voices.
Day nam wssyem hospodyne	Give us all, O Lord,
Zzizn a mir wzemi	Plenteousness and peace on earth.
Krles Krles Krles.†	Κυριε ελεισων.

† One of the old Slavonian writers tells us, that the bohemians turned the Kyrie eleison into good slavonic, by singing *Kŕi olsa* (meaning "the alder in the bushes,") thus ridiculing the christian priests.

* Dobrowsky thinks it likely that this hymn is only a translation of one heard in Hungary, and introduced into

This composition is often referred to in the thirteenth century as being popular among the bohemians. In the battle in which Ottokar subdued Bela in 1260, the bohemians are said to have frightened the hungarian horses by shouting this song. "Bohemi, valido in cœlum clamore excitato, canentes hymnum a S. Adalberto editum, quod populus singulis diebus dominicis et aliis festivitatibus ad processionem cantat:" and again, when Wenceslaw was solemnly received in the high church in 1249, the chronicler says: "Populo ac nobilibus terræ qui tunc aderant Hospodin pomiluy ny resonantibus.

The fragments of ancient bohemian poetry which remain, are but the planks of a ship that has been long ago wrecked on the ocean of national vicissitude—but many of these have an historical interest even independent of their intrinsic merits. The earliest and most valuable remains are in the Kralodworsky MSS., and in the collection made by Hanka in four volumes, entitled Starobylá

Bohemia by Adalbert. Hajek says, that Adalbert brought it from Rome ready written on parchment, and with sundry explanatory notes attached.

Skládánie. The Saud Libušin is the oldest remnant of bohemian verse. It is published in the third part of *Krok*.* It is a simple narrative poem, which distinguishes it from the epic character of many of the longer contemporaneous pieces. But its genuineness has been strongly disputed. Hanka, Čelakowsky, and the more enthusiastic poets have contended for its antiquity; but it would not be fair to conceal what the great slavonian scholar, Dobrowsky, writes to me on the subject of this and other disputed compositions of the period. "His te monitum velim, ne fortasse aliqua vertas quæ certe jam supposititia censentur; conjecta a quibusdam qui nimio patriæ seu maternæ linguæ amore, hæc obtrudere incautis voluere. Talia sunt Elegia amantis sub Wysschřado arce ad fluvium Wltavam superiore, quam ego ipse, antequam scripturam diligentius examinarem, historiæ linguæ Bohemicæ, p. 109 inserui et exposui. Novi jam auctorem quem tibi nominare possem. Poema hoc abruptum circa annum 1816 aut 1817 confectum membranæ veteri atramento satis recenti adscriptum mihi oblatum me ipsum

* P. 50—See also Hormayer's Vienna Archives for 1826.

fefellit. Alterum nimirum *Libussæ* judicium, ex phrasibus poematis Russici de Igore, et antiquis formulis poematum MSti Kralodworskiani compilatum circa ann. 1818 non nisi in *Krokio** expositum reperies, qui Tibi fortasse transmissus est. Impostoris hujus, auctorem sic appello, fraudem detexi primo quasi intuitu. Cum autem Rakovecki Polonus, cui missus fœtus hic fuerat, libro *Prawda Ruska*, eum exhibeat, opus fuit in Annalibus Vindobonensibus pluribus argumentis authentiam ejus impugnare. Zelotes Bohemici, non contenti poematibus Seculi xiii. in MSto Auboregensi, sic dicto a loco inventionis, maluerunt antiquiora effingere ad conjungendos Germanos qui antiquioribus gloriantur. * * Ea omnia, quæ in *MSto* Auboregensi leguntur poematia, sine omni dubio genuina sunt, quamquam et hæc Zelotes Bohemici antiquiora esse putent saltem aliqua, quam sana crisis admittere possit."

In justice to the opinions of those who differ

---

* *Krok* is a literary Bohemian periodical, edited by Dr. J. S. Prest, of Prague, and frequently containing interesting and erudite dissertations on the language and writings of Bohemia.

from Dobrowsky, I am bound to add that the MS. of *Libuša* exists in the museum at Prague; that Dobrowsky is accused of not having fairly judged it, because it interfered with one of his historical speculations, which denies the existence of a renowned leader named *Čech*, from whom the čechian (bohemian) nation received its designation. They state that the antiquity of the MS. has been admitted by almost every antiquary who has examined it—that no *modernism* of any sort has been detected in the language or the style —in a word, that the internal evidence of its genuineness is indisputable. Between such authorities I dare not attempt to decide; I give a translation of one of these disputed poems.

Ha ty násse slunce.

Our Sun! our protection,
Thou Vyssegrad fortress,
Thou, haughty and daring,
Above the steeps rising;
Upon the rocks standing
Our enemies' terror—

Beneath thee the waters
Are rapidly flowing.
The vehement Uhltav
His stream urges onward :
And there on the borders
Of crystal Uhltava,
The foliage o'erhanging,
Spreads out its dark shadows ;
The nightingale lonely
Sings gratulant music,
Or sorrowful music,
As joy or as sorrow
Has place in her bosom—
O were I the songster
Deep, deep in the forest
My wings should convey me,
To roam with my lov'd one
Late, late in the evening,
When Love is inspiring
All life, all creation,*

---

* vsěliký zinok—all life—omnis creatura.

And passionate longings
Thro' nature are throbbing—
I long, hapless mortal,
For thee, thou divine one ;
O pity my sorrow !*

This poem was (according to Dobrowsky, who at one period advocated its authenticity) found by Linda on a parchment of not later date than 1310. There is some obscurity in the phrase *syela hurastya* in line 13. Dobrowsky suggests that it should be *sjla chwrasti* "many shrubs," and Čelakowsky translates it *eine menge gebüsches*. There is a version of this poem in german by Göthe.

But the most remarkable remnant of antiquity existing in the bohemian tongue, is a collection of old poetry, to which I have already referred, published by Hanka in 1819, under the title *Rukopis*

* This poem is given in the Starobylá Skládánie. i. 200. There are a few errors in that copy. Line 5, instead of na *přiekře* stogiessi, should be na *skaalye* stogiessi ; line 6, for *po strak* read *postraek ;* line 14, for *po hladeček* read *pochla dček ;* line 27, fo *snabženstuiem* read *snabzenstviem.*

*Králodworsky.** He gives the ancient text, and a modern rendering on the opposite side of the page. Of these interesting fragments W. Swoboda published a close and well-written version at Prague in the same year. These poems, written on parchment, were discovered in a chamber belonging to the church of Králodworsky (Königinhof) amidst a number of worthless documents. The MS. has been decided by competent judges to have been written at the end of the thirteenth century, though some of the poems are probably considerably older. They appear to have belonged to a far more extensive collection, of which they formed the 26th, 27th, and 28th chapters. Dobrowsky, in his history of the bohemian tongue and literature, lauds the facility of style, the purity and correctness of the language, the grace, and the strength of these valuable records. As a specimen of the old bohemian language, and of the changes it has undergone during six centuries, I give the shortest of the poems with Hanka's modernised version.

---

* *i. e.* Manuscripts of the Queen's court.

Wsirê poli dubecstoii
nadubci zezhulice
zakukase zaplakase
zenenie wezdi iaro
kakbi žlo zitko vpoli
biuesdi iaro bilo
kakbi zralo iablko wsadie
biwezdi leto bilo
kakbi mrzli klasi wstoze
biwezdi iesen bila
kakbidieuie tiesko bilo
biwesdi sama bila.

p. 114–6.

Wšjrém poli dubec stogj
na dubci žežhulice
zakukala zaplakala
že nenj wždycky garo.
gakby zrálo zjtko w poli
by wždycky garo bylo?
gakby zrálo gablko w sadé,
by wzdycky léto bylo?
gakby mozly klasy w stohu
by wždycky gesen byla?
gakby djwce téžko bylo
by wždycky sama byla?

p. 115–7.

Translation.

On the field an oak-tree rises;
On the oak-tree sits a cuckoo,
And he mourneth, he complaineth,
That the spring endures not always.
What should gild the wheat in harvest,
If the spring endured for ever?
How should apples in the garden
Ripen, were it always summer?
How should wheat-sheaf be upgather'd
If there were no time but autumn:
Luckless were the maiden's portion,
If forefated to be lonely.

This is the song of a young woman, intended fancifully to convey the assurance that the flight of the seasons would bring a lover to her.

As specimens of this early poetry I give two of the historical ballads, and the whole of the lyrical pieces which have been preserved in this collection. The remarkable affinity both in measure and manner between these and the spanish ballads

during the moorish epoch will be very obvious at a glance.

Benesh Hermanow; or, the Defeat of the Saxons.

Aiti slunce aisluneczko.

O thou sun! thou lovely sun—
Wherefore look so gloomy?
Wherefore look so gloomy down
On oppress'd bohemians?
Tell us where our prince is gone,
Tell us where our hosts are staying;
He to Otto's court is fled.
Orphan'd country! who shall save thee?
Rescue thee from ruin's grasp?
Look! the foeman's hosts are coming,
Evil saxons—germans they;
What a line of long battalions
Rushing down the mountain-way,
Rushing down upon our vallies.
Wretched people! ye must give,

Ye must give your gold and silver,
Give them all that ye possess;
But your huts, your cottage-dwellings
Their marauding hosts will burn:
Ah! they stole our gold and silver,
Burnt and ravaged all our dwellings,
Drove our hapless troops away,
And are marching now on Trosky.
Mourn not, mourn not, coward peasant!
Soon the grass will grow again,
Which the foeman's heel hath trodden,
Green upon Bohemia's plain.
From these plains bright flowers we'll gather,
Garlands for our heroes wreathe:
Look! the vernal seed is bursting,
Happy change will wait us soon.
Lo! our fate already changes—
Look! for Benesh Hermanów
Calls the people all to counsel:
They shall drive the Saxons off.
Now the stream of people rushes
Through the forest and the field,

From the rugged rocky fortress.
Flails for weapons, lo! they bear,
And they pour upon the foemen.
Benesh, Benesh is the first;
Full of courage and of fury,
All advance—they cry "revenge!
Vengeance on our land-destroyers!
Vengeance on the saxon race!"
Vengeance bursts from either army,
Vengeance and the fiercest rage;
Vengeance glows in every bosom,
Vengeance reddens every eye.
Each the other wildly threatening,
Raging—mingling each with each,
Clubs o'er rival clubs are towering,
Spears are rising over spears—
And they crash 'gainst one another
As if warlike forests crashed—
As the lightning of heaven's thunder
Was the lightning of their swords.
Fearful sounds and frightful voices
Scared the deer into the woods,

Scared the birds into the heavens ;
Echoes rising from the vales,
To the third ridge of the mountains
From their rocky walls resounded.
Smiting clubs, and sabres clashing
Like the awful voice of death.
Thus immoveable the armies,
Thus unconquer'd both they stood,
And their feet were firmly rooted,
Firmly rooted in the ground.
Benesh climb'd a rocky mountain,
Swung his sword towards the right,
There the army's strength seem'd weakest ;
Swung his sword towards the left,
There the army's strength was strongest ;
There—up to the riven rocks.
From these rocks they hurl'd huge fragments,
Hurl'd huge fragments on the foe.
Hark ! the battle is rekindled,
Hark ! from hill to plain—they groan—
Ha ! they groan—they fly—the german—
Ha ! they fall—the battle's won."—p. 6–14.

The battle which this ballad records was fought in 1281, and the internal marks of antiquity show that this poem cannot be of a much later date.

The next piece is intitled Jaroslaw, and is a sort of historico-poetical chronicle of the great combat between the Christians and the Tatars, which took place in the 13th century.

Zuiestuiu uam poiuiest ueleslaunu.

I WILL tell a tale of fame and glory,
Tale of mighty strife and fiercest battle:
Listen now—collect your scatter'd senses;
Listen now—and hear the wond'rous story.
In the land where Olmütz rises proudly,
Towers a mountain—not a high nor bold one—
But the unaspiring hill, Hostaynow,
With its wond'rous image of God's mother.
Long our land a quiet peace enjoying,
Prosper'd in the calm of wealth and comfort,
But a storm was gathering in the orient,
All about the Tatar monarch's daughter;

For her pearls and gold and treasures, christians,
Christians, have been massacr'ing each other.

Kublay's beauteous daughter, fair as Luna,
She had heard of western lands and people,
Heard of lands, and serfs who dwelt upon them;
She was fain to see those foreign people,
So she soon prepared her for the journey.
Ten young men she summon'd to escort her,
And ten maidens for her person's service:
Richly for her journey she provided,
And, all mounting on the swiftest coursers,
They departed tow'rds the western sun-set.
As they passed thro' dark and dreary forests,
Gloriously in brightness and in beauty,
Shone the daughter of the tatar monarch.
She was covered o'er with golden garments—
All but neck and bosom—rich and gorgeous
Stones and pearls shone splendently around her.

So she was a marvel to the germans,
And they coveted her costly treasures;

Track'd her footsteps as she journey'd forwards,
Overtook her in the darksome forest—
Murder'd her—and all her treasures plunder'd.

When the Khan of Tatary, Kublya, heard it—
When he heard the fate of his belov'd one—
From his wide-spread kingdom he assembled
Armies—and he onward led his armies
Towards the setting of the sun at even.
When the monarchs of the western nations
Learnt the Tatar Khan was marching thither—
Marching 'gainst their thickly-peopl'd countries—
They agreed that each should help the other.
So they all assembled mighty armies,
Armies ready for the fierce encounter,
Led them forth upon the open country,
There encamp'd—and waited for the tatars.

Kublay calls around him his enchanters,
Sorcerers and magicians, seers and sages;
Bids them prophesy—and tell the issue
Of the struggle to the tatar emp'ror.
So the sorcerers, and the seers, and sages,

And magicians met, and the enchanters ;
And inscribed on earth two separate circles,
Laid a sable bar within the circles,
Which they portioned in two equal pieces ;
And on one inscribed the name of ' Kublay,'
On the other wrote ' the german princes.'
Then they sang an ancient incantation,
And the bars began to move in combat—
And the bar of Kublay swiftly triumph'd.
Then with joyous sounds the tatars shouted,
Every tatar sprung upon his war-horse,
And the battle mandate soon was issued.
All that pass'd was hidden from the christians ;
On the heathen-troops they threw them boldly,
To the prowess of their army trusting—
So began the raging of the battle,
Arrows shower'd as thick as stormy hail-drops,
Spears smote spears as loud as is the thunder—
Swords flashed brightly as the flashy lightning,
And the armies rush'd on one another.
Fill'd with freshen'd strength and freshen'd courage
Now the christians gain'd upon the tatars,

And they soon had won a glorious triumph—
But the heathen sorcerers hurried forward,
Bearing in their hands the bar of magic—
Re-awaken'd valor fill'd the tatars,
And they rush'd infuriate on the christians,
And the christians fled; anon, the heathen
Sprang like raging beasts among the flying—
Shields lay here—here decorated helmets—
Here a horse dragg'd down his knightly rider—
There 'neath tatar hoofs, a knight was lying—
Not to conquer—no!—to perish only—
There another cried on God's good mercy.
So the tatars triumph'd and grew mighty,
Levies laid, and tribute on the people;
And possess'd them of two christian kingdoms,
Ancient Kiēv and the white Novgórod.
O'er the land the mournful story widen'd,
And the people gather'd troops to battle;
Four strong armies speedily assembled
To revive the death-fight with the tatars.
Then the tatars round their right-flank crowded,
Like the black'ning thunder-clouds when gath'ring,

All the fruits of earth to smite and scatter—
Far you heard the buz of tatars—swarming—
Then the hungarian squadrons all assembled
And attack'd the tatars—but the struggle,
Spite of all their art, of all their valor—
Spite of all their manliness avail'd not;
On their ranks the tatars fiercely press'd them,
Broke their ranks—and all their valiant army
Was dispers'd—and waste and desolation
All the land despoil'd. And hope deserted
All the christians—sorrow and dejection
Now possess'd their sinking souls as never;
And to God they pray'd in bitter anguish,
To relieve them from the tatar's fury.
"Lord! arouse thee—in thy terror rouse thee—
Save us, save us, Lord! or else we perish:
Save us from this terrible oppression!
They would bring our spirits to perdition—
They, a troop of wolves, our folds surrounding."
So one fight was lost, and so another,
And the tatars hous'd themselves in Poland;
Nearer, nearer drew they, all-destroying,

Ravaging, they came, even to Olómutz—*
Bitter misery press'd upon the people,
Nought was shelter'd from the heathen's fury.
One day and the next was battle raging,
And on neither victory had descended.
Ah! the tatars wax them strong and stronger,
As the autumnal shades at ev'ning gather—
And, amidst the gath'ring tatar forces,
Lo! the christians vibrate like a sea-boat!
And they hasten to that sacred mountain
Where is thron'd the wonder-working virgin.
"Rouse ye! brothers! rouse ye!"—cried Wenéslaw,
"With your swords the silver target smiting,
O'er your heads the glorious banners waving."
Thus encourag'd rush'd they on the tatars,
Thickly crowded—in compactest body;
As if fire upon the ground were scatter'd,
So they pour'd upon the tatar forces;
Up the holy hill, and down its borders,

---

* *Olmütz.*

Up the hill, and to its wood-crown'd summit,
So in gather'd ranks the warriors crowded.
At the foot—a very wedge of courage,
Right and left, protected by their bucklers,
On their shoulders, lo! they bear their lances.
Rear behind the van, and third next second,
And the arrows from the hills are raining.
Now the darksome night the earth hath mantled,
Mantled earth—and heavy clouds the heavens;
And on christians and on tatars closes
Eyes that burn with passion and with fury;
Walls and trenches all around the mountain,
Raise and sink the christians in the darkness.
But the morning in the orient wakens,
Wakes the forces peopling all the mountain;
Fearful is the crowd around the mountain,
Numerous more than eye can see—so distant!
Christian chiefs above the rest are towering
O'er the heights, up to the Khan's pavillion!

So the masses for the fray are portion'd,
All to the appointed stations rushing;

Upwards press they to the mountain-summit,
And with fearful shouts, which hills and vallies
With re-echoing voices loud repeated;
On the walls the christian hosts are gather'd,
And God's mother fills their souls with valor;
So they draw their arrows to their shoulder—
So they wave aloft their swords—the tatars
Must give way—the tatars must be vanquish'd.

Then what rage possess'd the savage tatars;
From his eyes the Khan roll'd clouds of darkness—
In three legions he his troops divided—
In three legions, lo! they storm'd the mountain;
Twenty christians fell beneath the tatar—
All the twenty fell their posts maintaining,
And beneath the walls their bodies weltered.
Then the tatars storm'd the walls—loud shouting,
As if thunder-storms were shaking heaven:
So they rush'd upon the christians' ramparts,
From the walls they hurl'd their brave defenders,
Crush'd them even like worms, and left them scatter'd
On the open field—and long and bloody,

Long and furious was the fierce encounter,
Till the night upon their heads descended.

God of mercy! God! the brave Wenéslaw,
Brave Wenéslaw by an arrow wounded
From the rampart falls!—Heart-breaking sorrow!
Dreadful thirst burns up the christians' bowels,
With parch'd palate, ah! they lick the dew-drops
From the grass—and now the quiet evening
Comes—and chilling night the evening follows,
And the night slow-dawns into the morning—
In the tatar camp is solemn silence,
And the day awakes, and mid-day scorches,
And all, agonized with thirst, the christians
Sink upon the face of earth exhausted—
Choked, they open their dry lips, and hoarsely
Pour a prayer to God's most holy mother;
Up to her they turn their feeble eyelids,
Up to her their weary arms outstretching,
Plaints of anguish pour they out to heaven:
"Ah! we can endure this thirst no longer,
With a thirst like this we cannot combat;

He who loves his life, his weal—had better
Seek for mercy, even among the tatars!"
Thus said many—thus repeated many—
"Better by the sword to die, far better
Than of thirst—we'll quench our thirst in bondage,
Track my steps who think so"—thus cried Weston,*
"Track my steps who die of thirst!" Uprising
With a bull's own prowess, see Wratislaw
Seize on Weston, and in fiercest language
Shouting—"Traitor! coward! christians' scandal!
Wilt thou rush upon thy soul's damnation?
Virtue only seeks relief from heaven,
Not from bondage 'neath the savage tatars;
Run not, brethren! run not to perdition—
Ye have passed the worst—the fiercest sunshine—
God has help'd us thro' the heat of noon-tide—
God has mercy for his faithful servants—
Shame! O shame! such words should e'er find utterance!
But if ye will bear the name of heroes,

---

* It is very remarkable that an English name should occur in this ancient and spirited ballad.

Rather than for thirst our mount surrender,
Let us die the death that God provides us—
If we yield us to the tatars' sabres,
Basely, vilely—we commit self-murder.
Slavery's yoke is God's abomination,
'Tis a sin accurs'd to bend to bondage—
Track my steps—my steps—ye men, whose courage
Will escort me to the virgin's altar."

So they crowded round, and sought the chapel—
" Lord ! arouse thee in thy awful terrors !
Lord ! restore their country to thy people ;
Lord ! revive us from our wretched sorrows !
Hear our voices calling on thee loudly—
For our foes surround us—they surround us—
Save us from the snare-pits of the heathen :
Give us comfort, father ! give refreshment—
Long and loud shall be thy people's praises ;
Chase the foes that waste our hapless country,
And extirpate them, O God ! for ever !"
Look ! a cloud upon the sultry heaven—
Hark ! the waking wind—the rolling thunder—

Darkness—darkness all the sky is mantling;
Lightning flashes fiercely 'midst the tatars,
And a copious rain fills every fountain.

Then the storm pass'd over—and the warriors
Once again assembled—every district
Sent its levies—and beneath their banners
All the gathering tribes advanc'd on Olmütz;
By their sides three mighty swords were hanging;
Quivers full of arrows rustl'd loudly;
On their heads they bore their polish'd helmets,
And beneath them leap'd their proud war-horses.
There were the awakening sounds of trumpets,
Noise of kettle drums and martial music.
So one army rush'd upon the other—
Then like clouds the moving dust ascended,
And the fight was fiercer than the former.
Noise—confusion—swords together clashing—
Striking in the air of poison'd arrows,
Crash of spears, and whiz of many missiles—
Then was hewing down, and then was stabbing,
Mournful wailings then, and loud rejoicings—

Blood in streams flow'd forth like mountain-torrents,
Corpses lay as trees when fell'd in forests,
Here a warrior's head that's cleft insunder,
There a warrior's trunk, both arms dissever'd,
There another flung from off his war-horse,
Here, one stripp'd, upon his foeman lying
As a storm-rent tree upon the mountain;
Here, a sword to heft in bosom buried,
There, a tatar hath an ear off-smitten.
And what shoutings then and groans and curses!
Yet again the christians are retreating,
Yet again the tatar-hosts pursuing:
But the eagle, Jaroslaw, approaches;
Harden'd steel is on the strongest bosom;
Under it is wisdom's ready courage,
'Neath his helm the lynx-eyed glance of hero,
Glanced with all the glow of valor beaming—
Lo! he storms, as storms the hungry lion,
When he sees his destin'd prey approaching,
Or when wounded turns on his pursuer,
So Jaroslaw turn'd upon the tatars—
Like a hail-storm follow the bohemians—

And he sprung upon the son of Kublay—
What a fearful, what a bloody struggle!
Couching spear 'gainst spear—then eager thrusting,
Each, as if to crush in dust the other.
Then Jaroslaw on his valiant war-horse,
Bath'd in blood, turn'd on the son of Kublay,
And with dextrous push, his lance he planted
In his shoulder till it reached his haunches,
Lifeless on the grass he fell—his quiver
Made a hollow sound which told his story:
Then dismay'd they fled, the savage tatars,
Threw away their long-long pikes, and hurried—
Hurried where they might, in search of safety;
Hurried where the sun just starts at morning.
So was Hana freed from tatar-terrors.

Biehase ielen pohorach.

A STAG o'er forest, field, and hill,
Wander'd at his capricious will,
Now up, now down the mountain side,
And shook his branching antlers wide,

And with his branching antlers he
Forced shrub and tree,
Well pleased to bound
With eager footsteps o'er the ground.

A YOUTH speeds o'er the mountain's top,
Nor in the valley does he stop;
But with his battle weapons thrown
Across his shoulders, hastens on,
And with those weapons sharp and strong,
Breaks through the foeman's throng.

ALAS! that youth no mountain pass'd;*
A foe—a fierce and savage foe
His frown of darkness round him cast,
Smote that poor wanderer low
With battle-axe upon his breast:
A voice of mourning filled the groves—

---

* This is the universal style of the old slavonian poetry.
"It is the snow on the hills—No! it is no snow on the hills;
It is the tent of Hassan."
"Look at the oak tree upon the plain—how green and strong—
O no! it is no oak tree—it is a young and mighty warrior."

And his freed spirit hasten'd to its rest.
Thro' his fair neck life's franchis'd spirit roves,
Thro' his fair neck and thro' his lovely lips.
Lo! there he lies—the warm blood flies
After his spirit,—but that spirit's fled,
And in the sanguine stream the green grass dips;
The cold earth drinks that rivulet of red.
Sadness o'erpower'd the heart of every maid;
The youth upon the frigid turf lay dead,
And o'er him grew an oak, whose branches spread
Widely around and proudly overhead.

The wild deer with his antlers high
Oft the tall oak tree hastened by,
And stretch'd his graceful neck the leaves among:
Of sparrow-hawks a throng
Came from the neighbouring woods to bide
Upon that oak, and screaming cried—
"The youth beneath a foeman's fury fell,"
And all the maidens wept, the tale remembering well.

Pleic dieua konopie.

Lo ! a maid the hemp is weeding
In her master's garden-ground,
And a lark, towards her speeding,
Sings, "Why look so sadly round?"
"Well may I be sad," she said,
"Well be sad, thou gentle lark !
They my lover have convey'd
To yon castle-dungeon dark :
Had I but a pen to write—
Some sweet words of love I'd send him—
Thou, kind lark ! shouldst take thy flight,
And with my kind thoughts attend him.
But I have no pen to treat him
With my love—so gentle bird !
With thy softest music greet him,
Music's most consoling word."

Vieie uietrsieczek.

The light breeze is blowing
Around the king's forest:
The maiden is hasting,
She hastes to the stream;
She scoops with her bucket
The fresh flowing waters:
But look! to the maiden
The stream bears a nosegay,
A nosegay of fragrance,
Of violets and roses—
The maiden outstretches
Her hand to obtain it:
She falls—Ah! she falls in
The cold running water.
O! had I but known it,
Thou beautiful nosegay!
But known on the borders
Who planted thy beauties,
In faith, I would give him
A ring of pure gold!

O had I but known it,
Thou beautiful nosegay!
But known who collected
Thy beauties and bound them,
In faith I would give him
The pin of my hair!
O had I but known it,
Thou beautiful nosegay!
But known who first flung thee
To swim on the streamlet,
In truth I would give him
The wreath on my head.

Ide mamila naiabodi.

To gather scarlet strawberries
My gentle maiden sought the grove,
And lo! a cruel bramble tore
The maiden's snowy foot—
Ah! luckless maid! my gentle love
Can wander in the grove no more:—
O why—O why, perfidious thorn,
Hast thou my gentle maiden torn?

I'll tear thee from thy parent root,
And fling thee to the winds to boot.

Come! come! my lov'd one to the shade
Beneath the o'erhanging pine—
I'll hasten o'er the sunny glade
On yon white steed of mine:—
My steed shall wander at his ease,
Among the meadows and the trees.
But come my lov'd one! come with me,
Come, let us seek the shady plain:
Poor girl!—she came—and tenderly
Breath'd this unconscious strain:
"O hapless maid! to thee—to thee
Hard will thy mother's language be—
Said she not oft—Beware of men—
And oft repeated it again?
Yet why beware—if men there are
Generous and noble—why beware?"

I flew across the flowery mead,
I flew, upon my snowy steed,

Dismounted—and my steed I tied
With silver curblets to a tree—

THEN press'd the maiden to my side,
And kiss'd her, how transportedly!
And soon the lovely one forgot
Her wounded foot—our mutual kisses,
Till the sun sunk, exhausted not—
And then she whisper'd—"Angel! this is
The vesper hour—'tis time, indeed,
To wend us homewards,"—Then I leapt
With my sweet maiden on my steed,
And bore her to my home.

Achti rose, krasna rose!

O THOU rose—thou rose so lovely,
Why so early didst thou blow?
Why when blown, so swiftly blighted,
Swiftly blighted—swiftly faded,
Faded—dying—perish'd too:
Long I sat—I sat at evening

Till I heard the cock's loud crow,
Slumber's weariness o'ercame me
As the splinters wasted low;*
And I dreamt:—I dreamt I saw
One who brought to me—poor maiden!
One who with his right hand brought
Golden ring to grace my finger,
Ring with precious gems enwrought—
Where are now those gems?—I know not—
And that youth—I vainly sought.

Och wi lesi tmani lesi.

O ye forests! darksome forests,
Forests deep of Miletin;
Tell me why in summer—winter—
Why are ye for ever green?
Fain would I, my tears subduing,
Cleanse my heart of griefs and cares,

---

* Wsie drsiezhi *luczki* sczech—*laučka* (modern diminutive of *lauč*, a splinter or chip of pine-wood used instead of candles in the north of Europe.

Yet, if tears bring consolation,
Why should I subdue my tears?
Where's my father—where's my father?
Sleeping 'neath the church-yard stone:
Where my mother—tender mother?
Over her the grass has grown—
I no brother have—nor sister—
And my lover—he is gone!

Čelakowsky supposes that the remainder of these MSS. were destroyed by the Hussites during the siege of Kralodworsky. In the Isvjestija Rossiuskoi Akademii Mr. Shiskov has published translations of this interesting collection.

Belonging to the 13th century are various religious fragments, and especially a rhymed legend of the twelve apostles; a letter from heaven, a translation of the psalter, and with the date of 1309, is a curious *Bohemarius*, or latin and bohemian vocabulary in hexameter verses, probably prepared by some ecclesiastic for the use of schools. As a philological reference, this is a valuable fragment, and a specimen will not be misplaced.

Mensis sit *myessiecz,* tibi sit ebdomada *tyden,*
Meridies *poleduye,* vesper *weczer,* mane *rano,*
Diluculum *swytanye,* tibi sit crepusculum *sumrak.*

A translation of the new testament was made in 1311 by Balthasar of Tettan. What has become of this interesting work is not known—it was in the hands of the Kynsky family, and was for a month in the keeping of Dobner, who described it to Dobrowsky. The following hymn written by Wenceslaw has been very frequently reprinted.*

King Wáclaw's song of love.

Zwelikych dobrodružstwj.

Love calls me from my deeds of fame
To his own sweeter service—I
Summon each cherish'd maiden's name,
And ask—to which my soul should fly,

* See Script. Rer. Bohem. II. Prague, 1784.

And seek with her a brighter glory
Than ever fill'd the page of story.

But ill my service is repaid,
For Love has planted in my breast
A pang that will not give me rest—
Nor heeds the mischief he has made.

My senses are by passion driven,
On to the very gates of heaven;
Delight is handmaid to desire,
My eyes are bright with sacred fire
Whose rays out-pour'd upon my heart
A sense of blessedness impart.

And then love strengthens while it grows,
And transport's fountain overflows,
My heart is like a stream of pleasure
That knows no ebb and knows no measure,
Which love pours out in eager joy—
Love—source of rapture—and annoy—
To which I turn me fond and true,
As opening roses to the dew.

And then thy honied lips I kiss,
O the unutterable bliss!
No thought, no words, can compass this.

But sorrows hurry love away,
And love retires—but sorrows stay—
Wilt thou forgive me, Nina! say,
If to my bosom's warmth I press
Thy bright, sweet, dawning loveliness,
Yet still with chaste desire—for thou
To no licentious will would'st bow.

This composition will be found in the 5th Volume of Hanka's *Starobylá Skládánie*. A similar poem exists in Germany, and it is a disputed question whether the teutonic or the slavonian is a translation of the other.

A great number of religious poems, partaking of the character of the later monkish productions of the same period, have been saved from oblivion; though, except as philological curiosities, they have no interest and deserve no attention. The bohemian language was currently employed for

the purposes of poetry, and at the coronation of John, in 1311, the Abbé Peter von Königsaal says, in a passage quoted by Dobrowsky,*

Extollens cantum, movet a se concio planctum,
Turba Bohemorum canit hoc quod scivit eorum
Lingua, sed ipsorum pars maxima Tewtunicorum
Cantat Tewtunicum.

The establishment of the university of Prague in 1348, led to the cultivation and extension of the bohemian tongue, acquaintance with which was made necessary to the attainment of a public office. The coronation oath was yearly proclaimed in the language of the people, and several pieces of plate are yet preserved, belonging to queen Elizabeth (ob. 1393), on which bohemian inscriptions are engraved. In the reign of Wenzel, the public documents were kept in the popular tongue. Belonging to this epoch, there exists the Kronyka česka, a rhymed bohemian chronicle, whose author is believed to be Dalimil Mezeřicky

---

* Geschichte der Böh. Litt. 93. Ed. 1792.

canon of Altbunzlaw. The work is brought down to the year 1314. The object of the author is obviously to attack king John, and to alienate from him the affections of the bohemian people. But his authority as an historian is valueless, and his merit as a poet of the lowest order. He has flattered the vanity of his countrymen by extravagant eulogiums on their virtues and valour, and pours out a full cup of slavonian hatred upon the teutonic races. Dobrowsky gives no very honourable testimony to his character, for, says he, "he is not ashamed of many gross lies." This mendacious chronicle was however translated into german soon after its appearance. It has been twice printed; in 1620 and 1786.

To some of the copies of this chronicle are attached divers historical and heroic tales in verse, a species of poetical composition accordant with the taste of the times.

Hanká's Starobylá Skládánie also contains some curious poems from the MSS. in the library of the Prague cathedral; among which are Alan, a poem on the restoration of man to his primeval perfection, an octosyllabic poem of above 1500

lines. Sedm radostj Panny Marie, the seven joys of the virgin Mary; O smrtedlnosti, the memory of death; O sedmi stuaniciech, the five sources of sin; Sedmezcietma Blaznow, six and twenty sorts of fools. Two books of the distichs of Cato, in latin and bohemian, the bohemian being generally a ramification of the latin thought. These, and several religious compositions, belong to the 15th century at latest. They are almost wholly in octosyllabic verse composed of four trochees.*

Smil von Riesenberg, who was in 1403 the governor of Czaslaw, wrote a rhymed book of youthful counsel, which, though referred to by several posterior authors, has not reached our time. A MS. dated in 1459, and entitled Noiwá rada,

---

* Among the prose compositions of this period, I cannot refrain from mentioning a bohemian translation, the Travels of Sir John Mandeville. It was made in 1445 by Laurentius from the german version. This Laurentius, was a sort of lord of the bed-chamber to Wenceslaw.—Balbin also translated a chronicle of the Roman Emperors from the latin, and a *Dream-book* (Snár'), of which there are several MS. copies.

"True Counsel," Dobrowsky believes to be wholly distinct from that of Riesenberg.

The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries produced many long poems. There is an epic of more than two thousand verses in rhyme, of which Alexander is the subject. This is probably an imitation of Philip Gualter de Chastillion's *Alexandreyda*, written at the end of the twelfth century, and dedicated to William, the second archbishop of Rheims. Gualter's poem seems to have introduced a passion for alexandrian epics. The *Poema de Alexandro* is one of the most remarkable specimens of early spanish poetry, and there are no less than four poems in the french language on the same subject, and of the same period. The bohemian poem is in octosyllabic rhyme, but the MS. breaks off abruptly in the middle, at the 34th chapter, which is thus headed, 'Hic intrat Alexander montium altitudines.' *

---

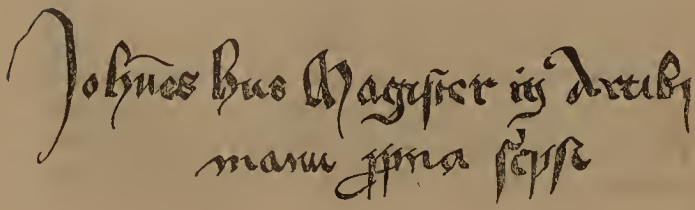
* Since the above was written, the industrious and successful Hanka has discovered a MS. containing the rest of the poem. And his researches have had other grateful recompense. He has found an ancient MS. containing a collection of pieces in prose and verse, the

The appearance of John Hus* associated Bohemia with that general demand for reform which exerted its irresistible influences over the fifteenth

---

most remarkable of the latter, being Wăda Wody s Winem, or the dispute between water and wine. Hanka informs me he has also had the good fortune to fall on a latin etymological lexicon composed by Solomon, bishop of Constance, who died in 920. The MS. was written in A. D. 1102, and contains more than fourteen hundred bohemian, and five hundred teutonic glosses; the bohemian throws much light on the slavonian mythology. Hanka means to publish this work. It is to be hoped, that no impediment will be thrown in his way, which one cannot but fear, from the arbitrary suppression of the fifth volume of his collection. It is not much to allow that those who have no hopes for the future, may be permitted to indulge in the memories of the past; else it had been better that these MSS. should still have slept in the darkness of a temporary obscurity, than have been disinterred by learned industry in order to be delivered over by timidity or tyranny to eternal oblivion.

* I give a fac simile of the hand-writing of John Hus, from a MS. existing at Prague.



and sixteenth centuries, and gave to the language and literature of Bohemia an extraordinary impulse. Of all the passions which agitate masses of men, the religious are the most extensive in their operation, and the most irresistible in their demands—because they are grounded on strong moral convictions, and associated with the sublimest sentiments and sanctions which can operate on the mind; with duty—with God—and with eternity. A slight portion of light and knowledge teaches the absurdity and the danger of consenting to see with the eyes of other men, and to submit to the will of other men in matters which are believed to regard our own personal salvation; and it is equally hopeless for a banefully established authority to contend against, or to submit to, the demand for discussion and inquiry, when that demand becomes many-voiced and mighty. Opposed, it sweeps away opposition, and assumes a more terrible character—and yielded to, it fortifies itself in its new conquests, and goes forward with its requirements as it increases in power. In Bohemia, "the bible, the bible for the people,"

became the watch-word—the talisman—of reform; and the simple and emphatic demand for "the book of life" could not be overwhelmed by elaborate theses on the authority of the church—on the dangers and the crime of schism—nor by bulls and briefs which anathematised heresy. John Hus translated several of the works of Wickliffe into bohemian. The truths he held dear he caused to be written on the walls of his chapel, and he put hymns into the mouths of the people, which became more terrible weapons than swords and staves. His memorable death sanctified and endeared his doctrines, and even women (to the prodigious scandal of the catholic clergy) wrote defences of the great reformer.

The Taborites, or Hussites, under their great leader Žižka, occupy an interesting situation immediately after the death of John Hus. Their bishop, Nicolas of Pelhřimow, excited the displeasure of the magistracy of Prague by a tract which he wrote in 1420, and which they denounced as tainted with heresy. In 1423, this body proclaimed its anti-reforming character more

openly, and proposed to the konopist synod, that mass should be celebrated in "one of the languages unknown to the people." The enthusiasm of the Hussites, however, was not easily subdued, and the tone and temper with which they went forward in their great work may be judged of by that remarkable composition, written, it is said, by Žižka himself,—the song of war—beginning,

"Kdoz gste Božj bogownjey
"a zákona geho."

This hymn, though somewhat rude in its language, and stamped with the fierceness of the times, became almost sanctified to the Hussites, and was constantly sung in circumstances of doubt and danger, and before attacking the enemy.

The following is a translation of this famous Taboritan* ode.

---

* From *Tabor*, a Turkish and Magyar word, meaning—a field, a camp. There is a town and a mountain so called in Bohemia. The word is frequently used as synonymous with *Hussite*.

Hymn.

Ye champions! who maintain
God's everlasting law,
Call on his name again,
And tow'rds his presence draw;
And soon your steady march your foes shall overawe.

Why should you faint or fear?
He shall preserve ye still;
Life, love—all—all that's dear
Yield to his holy will,
And he shall steel your hearts, and strengthen you 'gainst ill.

From Christ, a hundred fold
Of bliss ye shall receive;
For time—that soon is told—
Eternity he'll give;
And he that dies for truth immortally shall live.

Lift, then, your lances high,
Ye men of knightly word,
For valor shall supply
Meet weapons from her hoard,
And ye shall bravely fight, ye servants of the Lord.

Why should ye dread the foe,
Tho' numerous they may be?
Will God desert ye? No!
For him, and with him, ye
Shall dissipate the base and boasting enemy.

Have ye not understood
Your ancient proverb*—hear!
"Bohemians it is good,
"With a good Lord, to bear
"The flag of victory and its proud standard rear."

---

* A bohemian proverb—"Že podlé dobrého pána, Dobrá gjzda bývá"—it is good to ride under a good Lord.

Ye thieves, ye ravens, think
What perils round ye fly;
Ye stand upon the brink
Where fraud and avarice nigh,
Will fling ye to the abyss of night and misery.

Think—think while yet ye may,
And thinking—O retreat
From danger—while 'tis day;
O, thoughtless ones! 'tis meet
That he who slips should watch another's slippery feet.

Then to the bloody fight!
One only word—On! On!
Your weapons—for the right—
And God your trust alone; [none.
Smite, smite—let none be spared! let mercy be for

The date of this composition is about 1420. Its author, John von Trotznow, is more commonly known by the name of Žižka. It was sung by the whole of the Hussite army whenever they were about to engage the enemy.

When the perfidy with which John Hus was betrayed, and the cruelty with which he was sacrificed are considered, the temper of this *hymn* will hardly be wondered at. And the edge of bitterness was whetted anew by the martyrdom of Jerome, which followed that of his friend and master.

The rebellion of the bohemians necessarily made them obnoxious to the court of Rome, and in that recklessness of human suffering which so frequently accompanies the decrees of arbitrary power, the pope hurled his curses, not only against bohemians, but against all who should hold intercourse with a race which destroyed the then existing "social order." The evil which was thus inflicted became the source of good, and the bohemians, thrown upon their own resources, made rapid advances in the arts, in literature, and in general improvement. Kristan's medical writings obtained a wide reputation. A variety of theological and ethical works grew out of the then active discussions. Walečowsky wrote two books against the priesthood, of which, Balbin says, they are quam eleganter Boemice tam virulenter. The printing-press was employed in

Bohemia as early as 1475, in the production of the new testament: in 1487, the psalter, and in 1488, the entire bible, was printed at Prague. In 1492, the resolutions of the bohemian diet were first printed.

Of the translation of the bible into bohemian, the oldest is that of 1411, of which a MS. is to be found in the episcopal library of Leutmeritz. Another copy, by the same author (Matthew of Prague), in the slavonic character, bears the date of 1413-14. The Benedictine monks produced a version in 1416, and several other translations exist, respecting which, Dobrowsky's detailed account may be advantageously consulted.

Attached to a translation of the Trojan History of Guido di Columna, is a long poem, consisting of nearly nine thousand verses, entitled *Tristram*, and forming the fourth volume of the Starobylá Skládanie.* Miller has given a translation of this poem in his collection of German Poetry of the 12th, 13th, and 14th, centuries.

---

* Tristram Weliky' Rek-báseň hrdinská, xiii. weku wydaná od Wáclawa Hanky. Praze, 1820.

The chronicle of Prokop *(Prokopowa nowá Kronyka)*, which Dobrowsky places in the middle of the 15th century, is another of the remarkable poetical productions of this period. It is the first in Hanka's collection, and consists of 1,100 octosyllabic verses. It was written by the historiographer of Prague.

The dispersion of the catholics under Ferdinand the 2nd, conveniently forms the modern boundary of the second epoch of bohemian literature. Its poetry is tinged with that religious feeling which characterised the age. The priesthood, who became the instructors of others, as they were the sole depositaries of instruction, gave to the literature which they created a superstitious and degraded tone, and swept away with their torrents of religious and sacred canticles—their dull, dubious and rhymed morality—almost all of natural feeling and generous enthusiasm. All Bohemia was possessed with the spirit of religious zeal—a spirit towering over and destroying every other. From the time of John Hus, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, very

few compositions can be found, which bear not the marks of the polemics of the time.

The specimens which immediately follow, are scraps of the fifteenth century. They exist only in MS. in the archives of Schwartzenberg, and are very superior to most of the poetry of the period.

Přečekage wše zlé stráže.

I LEFT my horse in the oaken grove,
And sought the presence of my love;
The watchmen went their wonted beat,
I placed me at my lady's feet.

AND with my loud-voiced songs, I broke
My lady's slumbers, and she woke;
She woke—and then sweet accents stray'd
From the loved bosom of the maid.

" 'TIS time (she said), 'tis time to rise,
The dawning morning lights the skies,

The day draws near—and busy men
Wake to their wonted toils again.

"THE little birds have roused them long,
Shaken their plumes and tuned their song;
Have tuned their songs and winged their flight,
And left me to my sorrow's night."

O why should separation's power
Divide us in auspicious hour?
Love! bound to each our hearts shall be,
And undisturbed by jealousy.

NIGHT! silent are thy steps and slow,
Fain would I to my lady go;
Fain would I pour my fondest vow—
But nothing can console me now.

MY heart is wrapp'd in dark distress—
In gloom, and in unquietness—
What can her absent charms replace,
What smile, where smiled her lovely face?

O heaven! not long—not long, may I
For this, my distant maiden, sigh!
"Sigh not—it is enough for thee
To rest on my fidelity."

Kdež se žena nebogj.

Master weak and mistress strong,
Then be sure the house goes wrong;
Where the mistress master rules,
One's a fool, or—both are fools.

When the water leaves the haven,
When the black deserts the raven,
Then a crafty wife, I guess,
Will be cured of craftiness.

NEW YEAR'S GOOD WISHES.

Panj mila! k té twé milosti.

Pretty maiden! let love and let pleasure attend thee,
And joy hover round—and affection defend thee:

And twirling thy distaff be smiling and gay,
And have all thy wishes, and have all thy way;
Let thy thread just be thick or be thin at thy will,
But hang not so far o'er the high window-sill;
I fear me thy spindle thou'lt break, which would vex thee;
Thy thread thou wilt lose, and that would perplex thee;
So take my good wishes—as meant—not amiss,
And may the new year be a new year of bliss.

Milowanie bez wjdánie.

To love—and not to see her face—
Is darkness, and no star-lamp o'er it;
To see—without one dear embrace—
Is a dark field without a flow'ret.

Wjli pak doktor as, wjli doktor wjli.

Full well the doctor knows—the doctor knows full well,
That wine—that wine's the thing to work a miracle.

O would the doctor come and drink with us awhile ;
Soon would he shout for wine ! and not for camomile !

I think our latin cooks*—if they would but confess,
Would like our ruby wine—and leave their dirty mess.

'Tis wine—'tis wine that makes our understanding bright ;
That drives our flowing blood—and bids our hearts feel light.

And then, O brother mine ! on light and joyous toe,
How gaily to our homes, how merrily we go.

How passing fair the moon then rolls about our head,
And whirls her silver wheel, and cheers us as we tread.

And then, and then, I say, while thro' the world I roam,
'Tis wine, 'tis wine that makes the flowers of life to bloom.

---

* Latinská Kuchyné. A common bohemian phrase for apothecary.

The following "Beggar's Song," which belongs to this epoch, is not without humour.

Milj chudj, tešme se, radost se nám stata.

Up beggars! be joyful, for joy is our own,
Our garments are raining,* and bald is our crown—
Beloved! want presses us—what shall we do?—
Why, want is one woe—discontent would make two.

Let's in to the inn, tho' we stay but a minute,
For the bottle looks mournful when nothing is in it;
Legs weary—bags empty—and what shall we do?—
Why—bearing one burthen—we need not make two!

On friday we dine—from a half-empty pot—
Sour broth—ragged bones—bread and water we've got;
And fish?—without doubt—in the Danube—the sea,
Which are fresher and sweeter than caught fish can be.

* Sátky z nás opršely—Our clothes rain from us—*i.e.* they fall off in rags.

And saturday comes—that's perplexing and rude—
And sunday—with hunger—but where is the food?
We sit at the table—poor devils! to eat,
Were the table but covered, our task would be sweet.

Our cooks are sad pigmies—they cannot be less;
They needs must look small when they've nothing to dress—
Can they carve from a fog—make of darkness a stew—
Or turn a stag's ghost to a venison ragout?

The bohemian press was in full activity during the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century—an epoch to which their historians attach the delusive title of the "golden age." — The circulation of the laws in the language of the people—its adoption for the celebration of the mass, and for the preaching of the clergy—the number of translations from classical and foreign sources, greatly contributed to enlighten and elevate the nation. Balbin's "Bohemia Docta" the works of

Voigt, Pelzel,* and Prochazka,† give abundant details of the activity and literary temper of this period. Optat and Gzel published a grammar in 1533,‡ which served to fix the bohemian orthography. Simon Lomnicky von Budeč, the only laureate of the bohemians, must not be passed over. His versification is harsh, though not without comic and satirical talent. He wrote songs continually for more than forty years, and produced, as may well be supposed, a countless number.

The two following anonymous poems probably belong to the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

W sychtařowic dworu.

In the judge's court
We fix the horses in their stall,
And ask a gift from all.

---

* Effigies virorum eruditorum atque artificium Bohemiæ et Moraviæ, 1773, 1783. Auctores Voigt, Born, et Pelzel.

† F. Prochaska de sæcularibus liberalium artium in Bohemia et Moravia fatis commentarius. Pragæ, 1782.

‡ It was republished in 1588, and again in 1643.

Come, my mother, come!
Let thy generous hand be seen,
Pouring presents on the queen.

Many a present thou—
Many a present thou shalt bring
For the queen and for the king.

We will build a throne
For the king, of precious stones,
And of gold that's fit for thrones.

For the queen we'll build
Thrones of peacock's feathers, dight,
With the flowers of May-time bright.

Household mother! come,
To the king a friendly greeting,
Welcome to the queen repeating.

Generous offerings your's—
Baskets seven of eggs provide,
And three kops * of groats beside.

---

* A tři kopy grošů.—*And three three-score groats.* This expression is evidence of the antiquity of this song, as

The Mother's Curse.

Časně ráno po neděli.

Early, at the Sabbath dawning,
Hermann combed his faithful charger:
When his mother to him hastened,
And she offered him four apples—
"Whither art thou speeding, Hermann?
Wherefore hast thy courser saddled?"
"I am going to my maiden,

---

this manner of counting has been obsolete in Bohemia for two centuries at least.

In measure and manner this song resembles the servian *Kralitze*, or *songs of the queen*, of which some account will be found in Vuk's Servian Dictionary (art. Kralitze.) The bohemians have not so many of these national compositions as the servians, nor have they preserved those slavonian habits, which remoteness from european influences has left untouched among the latter. The peculiarities which characterise a sect or people must be sought where civilization, or intercourse with other nations, has not yet amalgamated or destroyed their individuality. But these songs in praise of her who becomes the chosen queen of the village, are common among all the slavonian tribes. We have our drawing for king and queen on twelfth night, but there is no antique poetry, that I recollect, to adorn the sport.

To my well-beloved Dortha."
"Go not thither, Hermann! go not;
Send thy saddled steed to bring her."—
"Nay, I will not be uncourteous,
Will not let the guests draw hither,
While I tarry in my dwelling."
"Then let Hermann's neck be broken;
Never let him wend him hither."
Hasten—hasten—hither hasten,
Viols, and guitars are playing,
Bubnowaks,* and drums and trumpets.

As they passed across the meadow,
Underneath the shady lindens,
Hermann's faithful charger stumbled,†
Hermann fell—his neck was broken.
Long they stood, and long they counselled,
While the music still was playing;
Long they counselled—whether onwards,

---

* Kettle-drums.

† Konjček zlámal nožičku—literally, the steed broke his foot.

Whether backwards they should hasten—
"Hasten, hasten, forward hasten,
To my gold and to my gladness—
If she may not be my portion,
She shall be my younger brother's."
Hurry, hurry, hurry onward,
Viols and guitars are playing,
Bubnowaks, and drums and trumpets.

So they sped them up the mountain,
To the towers of Nowosedlitz—
"Dortha! open! swiftly open,
Give the wedding-guests thy greeting."
Dortha opened, swiftly opened—
In an instant fear o'ercame her—
"Welcome! wedding guests! be welcome—
Tell me where ye left the bridegroom?"
"Safe at home we left the bridegroom
Making ready for the wedding."
"I have been at many a wedding,
Never saw I, never heard I,
That at home a bridegroom tarried,

Making ready for the wedding."
Dortha's mother then forbade them,
Till they brought the bridegroom thither—
"Mother! nay! but give the maiden,
Nay! deny us not thy Dortha."
Then her mother clad her gaily,
Gave her many a splendid garment,
Led her forth, and gave the maiden;
And began a piteous mourning.
Hasten—hasten—onwards hasten,
Viols and guitars are playing,
Kettle-drums and loud-voic'd trumpets.

When they passed across the meadow,
Underneath the shady lindens,
Dortha saw beneath her carriage,
Drops of blood upon the border—
"That is Hermann's blood! 'tis Hermann's!'
"Nay! it is no blood of mortal,
'Tis some tenant of the forest;
'Tis some doe, by Hermann slaughtered,
Venison for his guests providing.

Hasten—hasten—hasten onward,
Viols and guitars are playing,
Kettle-drums and loud-voiced trumpets.

So they hastened up the mountain,
And they entered Hermann's dwelling—
" Mother ! come and greet the maiden ;
Greet the bride, the wretched woman."—
" Shall I greet thee, wretched maiden !
Would that thou thy neck hadst broken
Ere that thou hadst known my Hermann."—
" Brother ! go, and greet the maiden ;
Greet the bride, thy hapless sister."—
" Sister ! go and greet the maiden,
Greet the bride, thy hapless sister."
" Sister ! sister ! well I greet thee,
In a year a son shall bless thee."
And the mother deemed it evil
That her children greeted Dortha.
" Wherefore, wherefore, deem it evil—
I, at least, no wrong have done thee."
In the midst of evening's banquet,

Lo ! the bell of death was tolling :
Dortha shrunk with fear and terror—
" Say ! for whom that bell is tolling ?
Ah ! indeed it tolls for Hermann."—
" Hermann in his room is resting,
Suffering from a bitter head-ache—
'Tis some little child departed—
'Tis some little swaddled infant."
Dortha, from the table rising,
Took a knife from 'midst her tresses,
And she plunged it in her bosom.
She is with her Hermann buried ;
In one grave they lie together.
If thou pass thro' yonder church-yard,
Breathe a gentle prayer of pity—
There sleeps Hermann near his Dortha,
As a brother near his sister.

This poem resembles many of the old slavonian stories, both in its manner and measure.

The passage which Čelakowsky has thus printed,

Dornička se hned ulekla
A brzo prawdu poznala
W okamženj dokonala,

should rather be:

Ona od stolu wyskočila
Dwa nože w čepenj měla
Geden si k srdci wrazila.

It is to be regretted that few ballads such as these are to be found among the traditional poetry of Bohemia.

Attempts were made, as early as the year 1515, to introduce the rules of latin prosody into bohemian verse; but as the accent invariably falls on the first syllable, it is clearly impossible that the bohemian language should be adapted to a versification whose character so much depends on the changing position of the accents. Komenius made such an experiment, and, in 1662, printed his "Cato" at Amsterdam, in bohemian hexameters; and Wenzel Rosa, overcome with delight at the attempt, reprinted the volume in 1670, but he confesses he was obliged to "count the feet with his fingers."

Though the battle of the white mountain, in 1620, was immediately fatal only to the reformers of Bohemia, yet its consequences were terrible to the whole bohemian people. Civil war in its worst shapes devastated the land, and so fierce were its visitations, that the jesuit Balbin, in one of his letters, expresses his surprise that, after so many proscriptions, exiles, flights, and sufferings, a single inhabitant should remain. The language of Bohemia was abandoned—its literature fell into decay. The taint of heresy had so deeply stained the works of more than two centuries, that they were all recklessly condemned to the flames. Banishment was the portion of the most illustrious among the bohemians, and an equal, undistinguishing malediction pursued every thing which bore a slavonian character. And long did the stigma of heresy attach to the productions of the bohemian press, so that works which had been published under the accustomed *ecclesiastical* sanction, were banished and banned by the Indices of 1729, 1749, and even as late as 1767. Nay, the work of a romish pope (the chronicle of Æneas Sylvius), and which appeared under the sanction

of the archbishop of Prague, was condemned by the inquisitorial spirit of the time. Not catholicism alone, but ultra-catholicism (as Dobrowsky remarks) was required from the unhappy bohemians, and the free inquiries and high aspirations of Hus, and Jerome, and Zižka were to be superseded by the debasements of the monkish spirit, and the fierce and barbarous ignorance of a persecuting priesthood. Legends and lives of the saints — trumpery discussions about trumpery dogmas — and all those streams of pitiful and useless learning, in which civil and religious despotism seek to engage and to exhaust inquiry, were poured over Bohemia. The only poetical work of this epoch entitled to attention, is the Zdoroslawjček (the proud nightingale) of Spee, translated into bohemian by Felix Kadlinsky, who died in 1675. A little before his death, Zywalda published a volume of "Rhymings" (Zběhnutj Ssederáse sedm lét. Prague, 1668), which are of little value.

The eighteenth century is very bare of bohemian productions. A few devotional works, and one volume of geometry, appeared, and all the rest (says Dobrowsky), is "want and poverty." The

establishment, however, of a bohemian professorship in the Vienna university, has done something to re-awaken attention to the language, and to revive the literature, of Bohemia.

The collections of poetry by Wenzel Thám, Básně w řeči wazané (Prague, 1785)—the historical researches of Prochazka—the unwearied and erudite philological labors of the abbé Dobrowsky —the various contributions of Jungmann—and the popular songs which have been gathered together by Čelakowsky, prepare, nay more, create, another and a better epoch. How consolatory, to see knowledge pouring forth her blessings in a thousand shapes—speaking in a thousand tongues —laboring with a thousand instruments—and triumphing in a thousand conflicts. A blessing be upon every laborer in the field of civilization—a blessing and an abundant harvest!

The pre-eminent services of the abbé Joseph Dobrowsky cannot be passed over in silence. There is scarcely any part of the field of slavonic philology which he had not cultivated, and diligently presented its harvest to the inquirer. He was, however, a grammarian, not a poet, and words to him were interesting because they breathe of

antiquity, and not because they are the instruments for touching the strings of pain and pleasure. He had the verbo-mania upon him, and prized any three slavonian letters which he could discover combined in the first five or six centuries of bohemian history, more than the coin-collector values his brass Otho, or the Roxburghian his Wynkyn de Worde. He is lately gathered to his fathers, but no one is ready to take his place.

Dobrowsky's *Lehrgebäude der Böhmischen Sprache* is the most valuable work on the subject of the bohemian language. It is full of that research which characterises all the productions of the renowned philologist. He passes under the review of a sharp and busy criticism all the writers on the subject that have preceded him.

The bohemian alphabet consists of twenty-six letters, a, b, c, č, d, e, f, g, h, ch, i, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, š (or ss), t, u, w, y, z and ž: q is rather a vowel than a consonant, and nearly corresponds to our y: the hard q is unknown to the bohemians.

When the bohemians adopted the latin alphabet, they undoubtedly improved on the polish style of writing; though it is to be regretted that the slavonian letters should not have been retained, at

least for the slavonian sounds, which find no representatives in the roman characters. The bohemians did not encumber themselves with so many letters as the poles, but employed a far simpler system of orthography. The pole, for example, writes

wierzy, czysty, pyszný, szczęście;

the bohemian

wěřj, čistý, pyšný, štěstj,

being the same words.

The bohemian orthography is invariable, and the pronunciation equally so, every letter being uttered precisely as it is written. The vowels are separated into short and long, which are thus distinguished:

short,	a	e	y	o	u
long,	á	é	ý	ů(ó)	ú.

The consonants are divided into hard and soft; the soft generally follow an e or y, in which case these letters are converted into ě and i, or when the accent is on the y, into j, as běda, djtě, pěti, měnjm.—If the soft consonant be either at the end of the word, or follow the a, o, or u, it is marked

by an apostrophe, as bud', han', let', rozpáty, dás, tópan, pocitúgi.

The characteristic letters of the bohemian alphabet are

č	pronounced	ch	as in	church,
ss or ś	...	sh	...	shall,
ź	...	z	...	azure.*

Like all of the slavonian languages it has a great number of sibilants, and, independently of the many words in which the letter s with its modifications is found, it is curious to trace how it has given the hissing character to words of greek, latin, and teutonic origin, in which it is wholly wanting; as, for example, zyma χειμα (hyems); žluč, χολη; plece, πλαται: zrno, granum; ljzati, lingo; praziti, frigere; urdce, herz; čepice, kappe; celiti, heilen, &c. The letter f is wanting to its alphabet. Dobrowsky very ingeniously remarks, that the slavonians were exceedingly disposed to

* The bohemians and moravians have also the r̆, an r pronounced with the assistance of the tongue and the teeth.

crowd the consonants into the first syllable, and to leave out the vowels in words of foreign origin, as for instance; brada, beard; mleko, milk; mrawy, mores; mru, morior; plny, plenus; breg, berg (mountain).

The resemblance between the bohemian and polish is great. About three-fourths of the whole number of words in both languages, are derived from a common root; but in the construction and pronunciation it has more affinity with the russian. It has the remarkable peculiarity of placing the accent on the first syllable, and of even submitting foreign words to this almost universal law; Lucerna, for example, is pronounced Lūcĕrnă.

The late writers on bohemian prosody contend, that of all living languages (the moravian and slowakian excepted, which are dialects of the bohemian), theirs is the only one whose verses may be measured by feet instead of syllables;* the discovery is one of our own times, and escaped the observation of Dobrowsky, the most indefatigable of slavonian critics. It would not be easy,

---

* For a very curious paper on the subject, see *Krok.*

however, to produce more perfect hexameters than are to be found in the bohemian language. As an example, I give a translation of Bion's verses on the death of Adonis:

Žel po Adónu upjm; spanilý ach zesnul Adonis!
Zesnul Adon spanilý; upěgj též s pláčem Eróti,
Wjce na purpurowém, o Kyprido, lůžku nedřjmey;
Wstaň, ubohá, trnaworauchá wstan, a w své prsy bj se,
Bj a woley wšechněm; spanilý ach zesnul Adonis!

Of the harmony and elasticity of the bohemian language, the following specimen of translation from Petrarch's sonnet "Stiamo, amor a veder la gloria nostra," is a remarkable example. The rendering could scarcely be closer.

Postůgme, Lásko, ayhle naše sláwa,
Wěci nade přjrodu zwýšene a nowé:
Wiz, gacj okolo nj plynau půwabowé,
Ay swětlo, njmž se nebe nám w odiw podáwá!
Gak ladně zlato s perlami protkáwá
Newjdané i raucho gegi purpurowé;
Gak plešj stinné doly, gasnj pahorkowé
Na nichžto gegi oko i noha postáwá.

Tu tráwka zelená tu stobarewné kwjtj
Klonj se stárowěkým pod dubem prosjce,
By aspón pěkné nožky qich se udolknuly ;
I nebe proniknuto os wětau se njtj
A ljbost tagná geho zweseluge ljce.
Že krásné na ně oči gasnost wylinuly.

The simple lyrics which follow are those which are at this moment the most current among the bohemians. When peace succeeded to the agitations of the thirty years' war, it brought with it the old love and practice of music and song which characterise all the slavonian tribes. In these compositions are deeply stamped the habits and the position of the bohemian people. They are, almost without exception, modest, rural, and domestic. They recount no heroic deeds—assume no popular triumph—record no patriotic names. They are simple and pathetic developments of household sympathies—of the passion of love—or rivalry or jealousy—or of some of the infinite gradations of pain and pleasure which enter into the daily history of universal man. Some of them contain lessons of unobtrusive truth and wisdom :

others record some affecting story. There is in all of them an eagerness and cordiality, a happy choice of imagery, and a sportive and genial imaginativeness. I have always refrained from attempting to *adapt* them to english taste, and the occasions are very few in which I have wandered even from the phraseology of the original.

The language of art and civilization differs little among different nations; nationality must be sought among popular masses. The sublime abstractions of poetry find no chord of sympathy among the people—what the people admire and love must come home to their every-day thoughts and every-day affections. It must at least have the recommendation of simplicity. Its value and power depend on its being the faithful mirror of the pursuits, prejudices, and passions, of common life. It must not be measured by a high intellectual standard; nor be expected to pourtray those more delicate and complex sensibilities which grow out of excessive refinement.

Thus the only poetry which can become national must be suited to the *national* civilization. It must be the representative of the affections which

are natural to all, rather than of the cultivated intellect which belongs but to a few. It may not discurse into the realms of philosophy—for the multitude cannot follow it thither—it must not introduce the personages of mythology, for they are strange and unintelligible to the unlearned—it can only revert to such facts or fragments of history as are preserved in the traditions of the many—in a word, it must approve itself to the general understanding, which will never be highly elevated, and condescend to the intellectual mediocrity of the masses of mankind.

An ingenious criticism on the popular poetry of the bohemians may be seen in the Prague Monthly Periodical (for August, 1827), written by M. Müller, the æsthetic professor in that capital. There is truth in the observation, that history and heroism have furnished few subjects for bohemian national songs: and this, he says, is the more remarkable when they are compared or contrasted with those of other slavonian races, and especially the servian and the russian. But how should such songs exist—or, if they ever existed, how should they be long preserved, in a state of so-

ciety where no man dares to be a bohemian? That freedom of thought and expression which opens to the poet the great expanse of space and time—the whole field of the past and the future—which allows him to revel in all that is delightful in recollection, and in all that is beautiful in anticipation—is denied to the minstrel of Bohemia. He may neither record the struggles of his ancestors for liberty, nor dream of the day when self-government shall give to his country whatever of happiness she is capable of enjoying. Love, of all the passions which he is permitted to sing, is that which allows the widest scope to his imagination—and love is the ever-ruling subject of his verse. And surely their popular poets have treated this with exquisite tenderness and effect, and have given it many varied forms of sweetness and strength.

Müller says of his countrymen, that "the key to their hearts is easily found, and that the sentiments by which they are lightly and easily moved, find a swift expression in songs and proverbs. In no country is there so much of singing and dancing as in Bohemia. The bohemian sings

with the sweat upon his brow—his festivals are worthless unless accompanied by music, and his devotion seems to burst forth in all its power when the united voices of the congregation are blended in a common hymn. The chorus of the people always follows the tones of the hand organ, and when winter gathers the choristers into their domestic abodes, they soon grow impatient for the return of spring, that they may breathe and sing anew in the fresh air. Our harp-minstrels, our french-horn, and clarionet players go forth into the whole of Europe, and yet we have no want of music at home."

But M. Müller appears to me to depreciate too much the value of popular poetry as the auxiliary of history. The historian ought not to be a mere chronicler of important facts, for such facts cover only a small part of the domain of history. Great changes are constantly going forward—changes of the highest interest and importance—which are scarcely to be exhibited in individual events—but which it is the undoubted duty of the historian to display. A love story may throw more light upon the manners and civilization—upon the state of

morals and politics of any age—than the details of a battle. Poetry is not indeed a very convenient instrument for historical narration. Its imaginativeness and its passions little suit the sobriety of the chronicler. It has always some purpose to serve of pride or pleasure. Its materials, if not poetical, must be made so, and truth be abandoned wherever it interferes with that excitement which it is the first end of the poet to create. But if the authority of song in positive and specific facts must be looked on with distrust, and examined with scrupulous care, it is not the less an admirable mirror to show

> " The very age and body of the time,
> " Its form and pressure,"

and I cannot but think that it might be made far more subservient than it has been made, to the elucidation of history.

The bohemians have great masses of popular songs. Scarcely is a new air introduced ere a number of words are found to suit it. Čelakowsky mentions having been present among an assembly of peasants, when a young girl started a verse—

another completed it—a third began a second verse—and so they proceeded until a little poem was created. If such a production have merit, it travels from mouth to mouth, improving as it goes, till it is found worth while to print it, and it is sold on a coarse scrap of paper at a country market or fair. At Prague, on the great way to the Domo Church, many ballad-sellers and ballad-singers are daily found. M. Müller thinks the blossoms of bohemian popular poetry are fading—and no doubt they are—for the poetry of civilization—the poetry of schools and books—the poetry of cultivated intellect—is superseding, and will supersede, the more natural and artless strains which are the charm of a ruder state of society. And with the generations of older time, much of the spirit which animated them is departed, and we cannot enter fully into the intensity of their emotions, nor give to their words the energy they received from the associations which were then attached to them.

Of all the slavonian ballads, the bohemian are the most musical. They are not to be read, they must be sung. Their general character is the expression of tranquil pleasure—their decorations

are the scenery of pastoral life—and their subjects the domestic affections. Their more quiet accompaniments are flowers and rivulets, and the green turf—roses for maidens—rosemary for lovers—and the associations of the most impassioned fragments are rocks, and mountains and dark clouds. But none of them have the wild mythology, nor the fabulous historical adornings of the more oriental slavonians.

I have not used a collection of bohemian songs, *České národni pjsné*, by Ritter von Rittersberg, published at Prague in 1825. They are german as well as slavonian, and do not appear to have been selected with any regard to their poetical merits. In truth they are not much better than the "London cries," and appear mostly gathered up from among the inhabitants of towns. They are many of them translations from austrian german—and have little of the raciness, and less of the simplicity, of slavonian popular poetry. The object of the collector was, I believe, rather to exhibit the music of Bohemia, than to publish the best specimens of its songs.

Naš kohautek kokrhá, kokrhá.

Our cock crows loudly, lustily,
  The morn begins to shine;
My love is thinking—thinking of me,
  Gentle mother mine!
Sweet youth! my heart's own child! how sweet,
Thee with thy maiden's kiss to greet—
  And ask a kiss from thee.

Mother! awake from rest—from rest,
  Father says "Up, and away."
Make ready the feast—make ready the feast,
  For thy daughter's marriage-day;
Thy daughter's marriage-day is this;
She must awake to bliss—to bliss,
  And leave the pillow she prest.

And O! my lover draws near—draws near—
  I see his eager speed;
He will soon be here—he will soon be here,
  He and his snowy steed;

Haste, thou dear, thou lovely boy—
Haste my hope, my love, my joy,
Hasten to claim thy dear.

My heart is glad—my heart is gay,
It springs like a lark above;
O day of delight—delightful day,
Which gives me all my love.*
I had many a fear—my fears are gone,
I shall not journey—journey alone,
An orphaned virgin's way.

Když sem gá šel skrz černéj les.

I sought the dark field where the oat-grass was growing,
The maidens were there—and that oat-grass were mowing;
And I call'd to those maidens—"Now say if there be
The maiden I love 'midst the maidens I see."

---

* Že budu mjt *chlapce*—youth—lad—boy.

And they sighed as they answered, "Ah! no! alas! no,
She was laid in the bed of the tomb long ago."

"THEN show me the way where my footsteps must
tread,
To reach that dark chamber where slumbers the dead."

"THE path is before thee—her grave will be known,
By the rosemary wreathes her companions have
strown."

"AND where is the church—and the churchyard—
whose heaps
Will point out the bed where the blessed one sleeps?"

So straight to the church-yard in sadness I drew,
But I saw no fresh heap, and no grave that was new.
I turned—a new grave slowly rose at my feet,
And my heart froze all o'er with a damp icy sweat.
And I heard a low voice—but it audibly said,
"Disturb not—disturb not the sleep of the dead.

WHO treads on my bosom—what footsteps have swept
The dew from the bed where the weary one slept?"

"My maiden! my maiden! so speak not to *me*,
My presents were once not unwelcome to thee."

"THY presents were welcome—yet none could I save,
Not one could I bring to the stores of the grave!

"Go thou to my mother—and bid her restore
Every gift to thy hands which I valued before,
Then fling the gold ring in the depth of the sea,
And eternity's peace shall be given to me.
And sink that white kerchief deep, deep in the wave,
That my head may repose undisturbed in the grave."

Of this remarkable production two versions are given by Čelakowsky, i. p. 4, and iii. p. 16.

Přes ty pusté lesy.

FAR, far beyond the gloomy grove—
Far, far art thou removed, my love,*

---

* Potěšnj—a term of great endearment.

Far, far away! Ye rocks divide!
Ye vales! be level as a plain;
Fall down, ye woods, my love that hide,
And let me see her face again—
And bless me with one living glance,
Of that enrapturing countenance.

W kralohradě na zahradě.

In the kingly palace garden
Blooms a roselet fair and bright,
See, it has been sprinkled over
With repeated dews of night.

In the kingly palace garden,
See the bud that rose-tree bears;
Twice—my lovely maid—at even,
Twice—hath bath'd it with her tears.

In the kingly palace garden,
There we poured our last adieu!
And behind that lovely rose-tree,
Gave our parting kisses too.

Když sem šel skrz dubowy les.

O'ERPOWERED by weariness, I slept*
Within the oaken-grove—
And near me grew, as morning woke
A rosemary-tree above.

I GATHERED many a rosemary-branch,
And twin'd them in a wreath,
And threw it in the flowing stream—
The fresh cool stream beneath.

AND said, whoe'er this wreath shall see,
And save it from the tide,
That maiden shall my mistress be,
That maiden be my bride.

AND morning came—and many a maid
Her pitcher went to fill,
They watch'd the verdant rosemary-wreath
That floated on the rill.

---

* dřjmota—slumber—from dremota (Russ).

Ludmila* saw the flowers, and stretch'd
Her hand to grasp the wreath,
Poor dove! she fell—the stream roll'd on—
'Twas silence all—and death.

And thrice, and thrice the funeral bell
Toll'd with a heavy tone:—
And tell me—ye, who know so well,
What mortal soul is gone?

"It is thy maiden—'tis thy joy—
See, 'midst that mist of gloom,
They fit her shroud—four black-rob'd men,
They lower her in her tomb."

O God belov'd! and dost thou take
My maiden in thy wrath!
Sweet bird of mercy! to her grave,
O, show me now the path.

---

* Orig. Liduska—diminutive of Ludmila—bohemian tutelar saint—formerly Lidunka and Lidka.

Behind that mountain—in yon aisle,
A choir of priests outpour
Hymns—and five paces from the church,
The green-sod wraps her o'er.

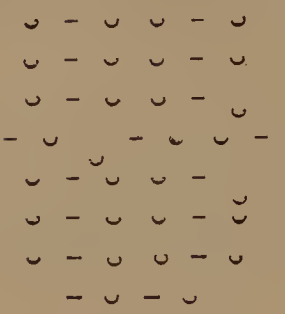
Then let me mourn, and let me weep—
And to her grave I'll go—
And there eternal watches keep,
Communing with my woe.

And then my eye shall shed dark tears,
Till they are clos'd in death,
And time shall hang upon my bier*
That fatal rosemary-wreath.

---

* pŕjkrow—the black cloth which covers the bier.

Gak gsau tu cestičku.



Our footsteps have trod o'er
The path of the mountain,
The messengers rode o'er;
  Rapidly, rapidly on:
They brought from my maiden
A message of sweetness:
They brought it in fleetness,
  From her I won.

From morning's first waking,
To slumbers of even,
Till frown'd the arch'd heaven,
  Mantled in cloudiest gloom;

They came o'er the water;
They brought me sweet kisses,
From beauty's own daughter,
In all her bloom.

When o'er the green hillock
Our footsteps ascended,
The flowrets we blended,
Maiden, we twin'd them for thee:
And, O! could I whisper,
Sweet maiden! and dearest,
O say, if thou hearest,
How dear to me!

Pase owčák, pase owce.

With his flock the shepherd sallies,
Bending tow'rds the fertile vallies,
Passing near the birchwood tree—
And a hat of green has he.

'Neath an oak, his path commanding,
Were two smiling maidens standing:
"God be with you!" said the swain;
And they laugh'd, and laugh'd again.

One was white as dovelet flying,
With the snows of winter vying:
And the other twitter'd* there
Like a swallow in the air.

"Come, young shepherd! we will take thee
To the mountain; we will make thee
Love's own couch; thy flocks shall stray—
And what matter?—where they may."

So they seized him—so they led him
To the mountain, there to wed him;
Flocks and folds—and where are they?
Canst thou tell the shepherd? Nay!

---

* The bohemian word šwjtořiti, conveys admirably the sound of the swallow.

Rozbořené staré zam'ky.

Maiden's song for the dead.

The very towers that time destroys,
Time may rebuild as built before;
But ruins of departed joys—
These can be rear'd to joy no more.

The forests which the axe hath laid
In dust, may spring to life anew;
But—have the dying or the dead
A germ which spring can waken too?

My love is wrapp'd in mortal clay—
But were a granite bed his own,
With mine own nails I'd dig my way,
Through even the hardest granite-stone.*

---

* Literally, "I would [make my way] to him with my nails through the hard rock."

Pře krásné hwězdicky.

Death Song of the Horseman.

Ye stars! so small, so bright,
So beautiful, whose ray
Has led me thro' the night—
Has lighted all my way.

And thou, most fair of all,
The first—the morning star,
At whose awakening call,
I sought my love afar.

Thou moon, in clouds bedight,
So distantly above,
Thou bringest to my sight
My pure and distant love.

My father oft to me,
While yet an infant, said:—
"Poor boy! his lot will be
To fare on bitter bread."

My mother o'er me sigh'd,
And said—"Poor child! for him,
Life's cup will be supplied
From parch'd and scanty stream."

And oft my brother's tongue
Said—"Luckless boy! take heed,
For, O! thou hast been flung
Upon a sorry steed."

My sister too replied—
All love, all kindness she:
"The sabre at his side
Hangs not becomingly."

My friends cried—"O, beware,
And ne'er to battle go:
For pain and death are there,
Thou may'st not meet a foe."

I WENT to battle—met
A foe—and now I die:
To her I worshipped—yet
I turn my dying eye.

I SIT upon my tomb,
My friends are far away:
And ere they know my doom,
The worm will seize its prey.

THEN grave a grave for me,
Within yon grassy wood,
For there my love shall be,
In evening's solitude.

O! IF that angel hie
With gentlest greetings there:
I ask no tear—no sigh—
But one—one hallowed prayer.

Bylatě stezička šlassana.

Upon yon bridge a maiden see,
She weeps—she weeps—how bitterly!

And lo! her lover passes by,
With proud and with reproachful eye.

"O come, on Sabbath morn to me,
And I will wreathe a wreath for thee."

Morn came—*he* came not to the maid,
And then the flowery wreath decay'd.

The rain rush'd down—the flowrets died,
Because the youth his vow belied.

The floweret.

O it shines so brightly—
O I saw it shine,
I will pluck the floweret,
And it shall be mine.

No! it was no floweret,
'Twas my cherish'd one—
And he shone so brightly,
For with love he shone.

Husička diwoká letěla z wysoka.

A WILD goose from the heavens dismounting,
Drank the fresh water of our fountain.

Drank the fresh stream and left the troubled:*
My thoughts of love for thee were doubled.

My thoughts for thee—for thee, my lover!
All else I pass regardless over.

Fain would I wed—but they impede me;
And say—that love to want will lead me.

To want and woe—no bread—no baking—
No gathering hay—no harvest-making.

That want shall waste—and labor fag me—
And by my hair my husband drag me,

---

* The slavonians frequently employ imagery of this sort as an introduction to their poetry.

Měsjček swjtj.

The moon is descending,
My spirit is tending
To thee, my beloved,
And only to thee!

I see her returning,
And fearing and mourning,
That never—O! never,
Her youth shall she see.

The moon is departed;
I fly, eager-hearted,
That no one may ravish
My maiden from me.

Ye doves! that are plighted—
Ye clouds! by heaven lighted,
Watch over my maiden,
My advocates be!

Za tjm našjm dworem.

The Son.

Behind our cottage you have seen
Two oaks that spread their branches green,
  Their verdant heads uprear:
But have you seen, those trees between,
A maid, with eyes of dazzling sheen,
  Waxing in beauty there?

The Mother.

O, silly boy!—such dreams dismiss—
List to my counsel—list—though this
  Is counsel hard to bear—
Love's poison is—the bane of bliss—
There's canker in its sweetest kiss,
  And paleness and despair.

Gedna hodina.

'Twas past the midnight bell,
One hour, and only one,
I wandered with my love;
We wander'd, and alone
We wander'd thro' the grove—
And now—sweet maid! farewell,
God's blessing be thine own!

The heav'n has many a star,
In such a night as this is;
But all, when counted, are
Far fewer than thy kisses;
They are not—nor shall be,
While time is time—to me
So bright as thou, by far.

THERE'S many a temple high,
That towers above the plain—
But oftener times have I
On thy soft bosom lain,
Than all those temples number'd:
I'll slumber where I've slumber'd,
Till earth is whelm'd again.

Která ge panenka stydliwá.

THE shame-faced maiden fain would shy
The modest youth—but ah! she knows
He saw her—and she hurries by,
Deep-blushing like a scarlet rose.

O, SILLY youth—are you afraid,
And could you not your thoughts disguise?
For when you pass'd the blushing maid,
You pull'd your *klobuk** o'er your eyes.

---

* Hat.

Ach holka, holka.

O, MAIDEN, maiden,
Thou hast black eyes:
Will they deceive me,
Will they despise?

"No! were they blacker,
Never would they,
Never—despise thee,
Never betray!"

CROWS gather acorns
On the oak-tree;
God alone knoweth
Whose she shall be.

WHOSE but mine—she swore
Mine to be of yore;
'Twas behind our dwelling, she
Swore it 'neath the greenwood tree,
Mine alone to be

Come—be the meadows
Love's vernal scene—
And I will buy thee
Garments of green.

Delicate garments,
Which thou shalt wear
Short and becoming—
Speed we, my fair!

Speed we o'er mountain,
Valley, and hill—
Our nuptial music
Shall be a rill.

And the green-turf, love,
Our bed of down;
There will we slumber,
Loving—alone—
Thou—thou mine own!

The last verse is not in Čelakowsky's printed

collection: he has had the kindness to supply it in MS. It is this:

Tráwa zelená
Naše peřina,
Na tey budem spati
A se milowati
Holka rozmilá.

Když sem plawal přes moře.

I BATHED me in the open sea,
A nightingale flew by,
Dropp'd a red-rose leaf over me,
And, singing, sought the sky.

I SEIZED it with a wondering thought,
And found—O bliss! O bliss!—
The little blushing rose-leaf brought
My maiden's virgin kiss.

Alas! fond dream! that maid is dead—
The gard'ner plucks a rose,
And pluck'd—it fades, it hangs its head,
And pale and paler grows.

I pluck'd a rose—that rose I plac'd
Upon my breast—the gem,
My eager breast a moment grac'd,
Then sunk upon its stem.

Kdes holubičko blaudila.

O whence dost thou come—thou golden dove,
Thy wings are weary—thy plumes are wet—
Whence, wanderer! dost thou come?
"All over the seas I sought my love,
And I am hasting—hasting yet,
To our own—our mountain home."

Má zlatá stezičko uzaučká.

Ye sweet, sad scenes! so dark, so dear,
So lovely once—so hateful now—
O why, while wandering, wandering here,
Do grief and gloom my spirits bow?

I totter o'er that narrow way,
Where erst I tripp'd so lightly on;
My lover's steed was wont to stray,
In these green fields—but he is gone.

With what intensity of bliss,
I hail'd the smiling earth and sky;
Scenes! that were then all blessedness,
Why turn'd to desolation? why?

The flowers have droop'd—the light is fled;
The fruit hath fallen from the tree;
The wreath I wrought to bind his head,
The stream hath wafted to the sea.

The last verse is not in Čelakowsky's printed collection: he has been so kind as to communicate it in MS.

Kam pak's dal můg mily' kytičku
Co gsem ti wcěra dala!
"Trhal gsém u řeky ořechy,
Ona mně uplowála."

Panjmámo gede k nám.

He comes! he comes! O see, mother! see!
He comes in his splendid car;
A feather behind his hat has he—
Like an emperor from the war.

O see he has taken the feather'd pen,
He has opened an unwrit scroll:
Will he write my name—which again and again,
He has written on his soul?

While the art of writing was possessed by few, the accomplishment was deemed by the many a special mark of distinction.

W zeleném hágečku.

Two lovers seek the wood together,
For shelter—when a mighty bough,
Riven by the fierce and stormy weather,
Falls—and they both are corpses now.

'Tis well! their fate is bliss—far sweeter
That both should die—than one remain
To mourn—a solitary creature—
Thro' wearying, wasting years in vain.

Což se mně, má milá, hezká zdáš.

Marriage Song.

When the bride has entered the wedding-car, a small flag is waved over her, and the women sing,

Beloved! how beautiful! beautiful! she
More beautiful yet at the altar will be:
"Then take me, dear youth!
O take me, and see
My beauty shall brighten in love and in truth.

"O TAKE me—O take me—thy bride shall become
The guardian—the mother—the charm of thy home;
Will rise with the morn,
Give the cattle their corn,
And the spindle my hands shall for ever adorn."

Žito žito, žitečko!

BLADE of wheat! thou golden blade,
Who shall harvest thee?
For my lover lingers far—
Will not come to me.

BLADE of wheat! thou golden blade,
Who shall bind thee round?
For my lover lingers far—
Where shall he be found?

MOTHER! mother! mother mine!
Changeful is my heart,
Cleanse, O mother mine, away
All its fickle part.

On my feet my slippers seem,
Made of heavy lead—
Mother, mother, mother mine!
I would hide my head.

Young and radiant oak-tree, why,
Young and verdant oak?
Why dost turn on me—on me
Such an angry look?

"Nay! no angry look on thee
Turn I—yet I may
Mourn thou art so fickle—maid!
So the people say."

Ty hwěz dičko tmawá!

Mournful star! in heaven's blue deep,
Tell a weeper, dost thou weep?
Dost thou weep o'er woes and fears—
Golden sparks should be thy tears,
If alive to sympathy.

STAR of melancholy! mourn,
Light for me thy midnight urn;
If some tale of sorrow swept
By thee—often hast thou wept,
Mournful starlet! weep with me!

Když gsem šel od mily.

I LEFT my maiden to repair
With other maids to morning-prayer
And as I pass'd, the cuckow spoke,
From the green oak:
Coo-coo—coo-coo!
"O thou my golden, golden dove!"
Coo-coo—coo-coo!
"Stretch out thy hand, my love."

Kaukněte matinko.

MOTHER! look round thee,
Round thee and see,
All the youths struggling,
Struggling for me.

FIERCE is the struggle,
Eager and wild:
Does thy heart gladden?
I am thy child!

Gakéto laučenj.

O SAD farewell!
And who shall tell
The tides of grief that in our bosoms swell?

YES! we must part,
And grief's worst smart
Asks—Has he—has he a forgetful heart?

FORGETFUL? No!
For that were woe,
Peace to o'erwhelm—and hope to overthrow.

O WHY oppress,
O why distress
My soul—by breathing of—forgetfulness?

'Tis a light thought,
By coldness taught;
A foolish fancy—that betokeneth nought.

There's many an eye
Asks wond'ringly,
Where is their wonted gladness fled—and why?

Where is it gone,
Thou blessed one!
Flown o'er those hills—beyond those forests flown.

I scatter'd tares—
I gather'd cares,
And all the noisome weeds the fetid morass bears.

The earth whirls on:
I stand alone,
Stretch out my hand in vain—and vainly grieve and groan.

Powěz ty mně, hwězdičko má.

Say, my lovely star! O say,
Art thou gloomy—art thou gay?

Art thou gloomy—O be bright—
Pour on me thy streams of light!

Pour thy streams of light on me,
And awaken memory.

Gak živa gsem newidela na buku zaludu.

I never on a beechen tree, perceiv'd an acorn grow—
Did ever youth desert a maid to wed a widow? No!
O look upon that maiden's cheeks so rosy, fresh, and fair,
And see the widow dragging on, in solitary care.

I NEVER knew a juniper that flourish'd on the mead—
Did ever maid desert a youth, a widower to wed;
Look on that youth's all-healthy cheeks, so rosy, fresh, and fair,
And see the widower dragging on his solitary care.

Pase owčačka w zelenem hágečku.

THE shepherdess within a sunny grove,
In the black wood, a shepherd—watch'd their sheep,
"O come to me, sweet love!
Come hither! thou shalt keep
Joy in my bosom treasur'd deep."

Wyšlo slunjčko za horau.

WHEN the sun soars yon mountain above,
That at even sunk brightly below,
And my eyes meet the smiles of my love,
What raptures my heart overflow!

Where my lover abides, I abide,
When absent, I summon him near;
When far, to his presence I glide,
For him all my jewels I wear.

Does he seek the green vale—does he lead
His charger to graze and to rest?
I gather the grass for his steed,
The freshest and greenest and best.

At evening with him I retreat
To the pear-tree, and gathering there
The corn-ears, he binds round the wheat,
Till labour hath brighten'd his hair.*

Matko, matičko.

Mother! sweet mother mine,
Gold is that heart of thine:

---

* Gen se mu bleyskaly wlásky—till his hair shines.

My lover is coming on faithful steed,
Make ready the chamber, make ready the hall,
They must be swept and garnish'd all;
And he shall find a welcome indeed.

Mother! sweet mother mine!
Gold is that heart of thine:
Go forth, my mother, the youth to meet,
I will make ready the chambers and hall—
Yes! I will sweep and garnish them all,
And we will give him a welcome sweet.

Mother! sweet mother mine!
Gold is that heart of thine;
My love is fording the running water;
I see him threading the narrow way—
He hastens hither—O misery—nay!
He has taken the path to the Rychtar's daughter.*

---

* za tau rychtárowic. The Rychtar (german *Richter*) is the village magistrate.

Gdi ma milá.

You say that beauty is a rose,
And you are right—I cannot doubt it;
Show me the garden where it grows,
And I will never be without it.

I'll pluck it every day—and be
Fresh as the buds the dews drop over,
A never-fading flower to thee—
Be thou to me—a faithful lover.

Na Tureckém pomezj.

Upon the turkish boundary,
A watchman hath one child alone,
O God! O God! what bliss 'twould be,
If I could call that girl mine own.

I SENT a letter to the maid,
And sent a ring—"The ring is thine;
So give me, sweet, thy love," I said,
"And leave thy father's house for mine."

THE letter reach'd the maid, she ran,
And placed it in her father's hand:
"Read, O my father! if thou can,
And make thy daughter understand."

HER father read it—not a word
He said—but sigh'd—as he arose—
"O Lord of mercy! righteous Lord!"
What heavy, heavy sighs were those.

"MY golden father!* tell me why
Such sighs—such sadness—never pain
Heav'd from the breast a heavier sigh—
What did that wretched sheet contain?"

---

* Můg zlaty' pantáto:—the common slavonian term of endearment.

"Sweet daughter, I have cause to groan,
When misery on my heart is pil'd;
A turk demands thee for his own—
He asks thy father for his child."

"My golden father! give me not—
O, if thou love me—do not so!
I will not leave thy watchman's cot—
Nay! with the turk I dare not go.

"I tell thee what I'll do—I'll make
A coffin, where I will be laid,
And there my seeming rest I'll take,
And thou shalt say—The maid is dead."

And so she did—the moslem o'er
The threshold sprung—"Ill-fated maid!
O God of mercy and of power!
The maid is dead! the maid is dead."

The mourning turk his 'kerchief drew,
And wip'd his wet and weeping eyes:
And hast *thou* left me—left me too—
My precious pearl—my gemlike prize?"

He bought himself a mourning dress,
A dress of rosy* taffety—
"Why hast thou left me in distress—
Of flowers the sweetest flower to me."

He bid the death-bells loudly toll†
From every Turkish mosk—and ye
Might hear the heavy grave-song roll
From Turkey even to Moldawy.‡

The turk sped homeward—and the maid
Her coffin left—for purer air:
"Now God be with thee, turk!" she said,
And truth was in the maiden's prayer.

---

* Rose—the colour of the musselmans' mourning.

† *Hrana.*—The mark of reverence paid to the dead. For three days after their decease, the bells are tolled unceasingly from twelve to one o'clock.

‡ Do Moldawy—Moldavia.

K dyž gsem šla gedenkrát přes hágeček.

THROUGH the green grove my footsteps stray;
Alas! they stray:
I met a sportsman on the way.

THE sun shines out in warmth above;
Ah! warm above:
My heart it blossoms forth in love.*

AND there we sit till eve draws near;
Ah! eve draws near—
The sportsman shoots a wandering deer.

IT is no deer—it is a doe;
Alas! a doe—
O maiden! thou hast planted woe.

---

* Tenkrát mé srdéčko láskau kwetlo—Then my heart flowered in love (amore florebat).

Time flies—and soon the grass is mown;
Alas! 'tis mown—
Would I had ne'er that sportsman known!

She wash'd the linen by the stream;
Alas! the stream:
And bitterly upbraided him.

Before I met that sportsman there;
Alas! 'twas there—
I was a rose—all pure and fair.

Beauty and purity are gone;
Alas! are gone—
He is gone too—the faithless one!

He to another breast hath crept;
Alas! hath crept—
And then the maiden wept and wept.

Ah! go not to the grove, ye fair;
Alas! ye fair—
For ye may meet a sportsman there.

Pod wašjmi okny.

THE stream 'neath your window
Pursues its calm course;
Then come my beloved,
And water my horse.
"Nay! nay!" said the maid,
"I am but a poor child,
And I am afraid."

THERE grows near your window,
A green olive tree!
And let me, sweet maiden!
Partake it with thee.
"Nay! nay!" said the maid
"I'm but a poor child,
And I am afraid."

THERE blooms near your window,
How many a rose!
And why art thou mourning
Thy premature woes?

"I mourn not! O no!
Yet sweet 'twere to me,
Could my eyelids o'erflow."

WHY hang down your eyelids,
As if lull'd in sleep,
Your mother more caution
Desires you to keep.
Child thou art to blame—
Retire thee, retire!
The neighbour's cry "shame."

"O NO! my gold-mother,
Of shame do not tell—
I said to my lover
Farewell! and farewell!"
She broke the pledg'd vow,
Their hearts were both rent,
He unsheaths his sword now."*

---

* *i. e.* He is gone to the wars.

Kdyby se tatjnek newadil.

But for my father's angry talking,
I'd frankly own that I was walking
With one—whom he could not discover—
Frown he or not—it was my lover.

And if my father would not scold me,*
I'd tell him what my lover told me;
And what he gave—a secret this is—
Scold he or not—'twas love's sweet kisses.

And if my father would not wonder
I'd tear the secret's veil asunder—
Wonder or not—my lover† made me
A sweet and solemn vow to wed me.

---

* Kdyby gen tatjnek nebrankal—*Brankati*—a gentle scolding, not of ill-nature and anger, but rather of reproach. It is derived from the crookling of doves.

† *Hoch*—a word meaning equally youth, and lover.

He vow'd—sincere and eager-hearted—
E'en while he kiss'd me as we parted,
With thee he would not leave me longer,
But claim me when the wheat is stronger.*

Nenj tak matička dbalá.

O mother! thou art chang'd since erst
Thy love thine infant daughter nurst;
Sweet songs that infant daughter heard—
Another babe is now preferr'd.†

When I was weak and young and small,
O! thou wert love and kindness all;
Now if a youth but speak to me,
I hear reproachful words from thee.

---

* Gen až pšenička se wymeta—When the barbs shoot from the ears of corn.

† Hageg děwčátko maličky'.—*Hageg* is the expression used by nurses as they rock the cradle.

Reproach me not—my mother, now!
But let me take the marriage vow—
At love's soft name my bosom sighs,
And love is bursting from mine eyes.

Gá gsem Češka hezaunká.

I am a bohemian maid,
Blue eyed, fair and airy;
Would you know my name? my name
Is no name but Mary.

What's to you if I have fled,
Fled to love's embraces,
Eaten hips of eglantine,*
Slept in thorny places.

---

* Šjpek—the red hips of the wild rose.

What's to you, if I allow
Youths of love to chatter;
Let them rattle at my door,
Surely 'tis no matter!

I will marry—wherefore talk—
Wherefore talk, my mother;
Am I yet a year too young?
Must I wait another?

No! I'm young—and I am fair—
Gay—blue-eyed and airy—
Would you know the maiden's name,
Sir! her name is Mary!

Co ten ptáček štěbetá.

What means that cheating, chattering bird
Upon the oaken tree?
"The maid a lover hath," I heard,
"And yet so pale is she."

False bird! thou liest—speak the truth,
Or hide in shame thy head—
For though 'tis true I love a youth,
I am not pale, but red.

False bird! thou liest—I will go
And stop thy chattering wholly;
A gun across my shoulder throw,
And shoot thee for thy folly.

Žala zuska u lesjcku.

The maid was reaping on the mead,
There came a knight on knightly steed—
It was no knight—no knight, in truth,
It was her own beloved youth.

"Green is the lovely rosemary,
Sweet maiden! glad and joyful be!
From war's alarms thy youth shall rest:
Why sink thine eyes upon thy breast?"

"Be green thou flowret of the tomb—
O wretched is the maiden's doom.
Three years I waited—lingering on—
He came not, when three years were gone."

What didst thou here, sweet maiden! say,
Didst come to weep for one away?
And did thy blooming roses fade,
When distance threw me in the shade?

"What did I?—Nothing—but despair;
Sigh'd with the breezes of the air;
Wept with the melancholy dew—
Love from the maiden's bosom flew—
I am betroth'd—and wedded too."*

---

* The rosemary is the nuptial plant—and is introduced as the symbol of marriage.

This pretty, simple song has never been published. M. Čelakowsky sends it to me in MS.—one of the countless courtesies for which I have to thank him.

Bad householdry.

Two old cocks within the house,
And a dog and cat;
Stony bread, and blunted knife,
Thoughtful husband—wicked wife—
When such blessings dwell together,
Tell me, man of patience, whether
Patience tolerates that.

Bad weather.

The waters against the waters are splashing,
The winds are against the windows dashing;
Come, maiden! whose eyes with light are flashing,
Come to the window, and look at heaven!

No! not on a day so dark as this is—
No! not to the window—sweet maiden of blisses—
But come to the door, and give me two kisses,
And I will give thee seven.

The lark.

THE lark! the lark! though light and small,
An ever-busy creature,
Is gaiety and gladness all,
Through every freak of nature:
The morn-light—eve-light hear her sing,
With all heaven's smiles upon her—
And we've one hand our glass to swing,
And one for her we honor—
So while the lark is joyous, we
May pass existence joyously.

The apple.

I SAW it ripen, saw it redden
Upon the garden tree—
And who shall gather thee, sweet maiden!
O, who shall gather thee.

I CANNOT reach so high, sweet maiden!
I cannot reach so high—
Will distance love's delusions deaden?
Farewell!—I go—I'll try.

Karel Sudimír Šnaidr.

Born 1766.

K. S. ŠNAIDR (in German *Schneider*) is one of the liveliest and most humorous of the bohemian poets. He had some reputation as a writer of german verse, at a time when the language and literature of Bohemia appeared rapidly hastening to decay. But he abandoned the teutonic field to labor in that of Slavonia, and he has received marks of distinction as a poet in his vernacular tongue, which never honored, and never would have honored him, as a german writer. Doubtless the true instrument of poetry is the language taught us in childhood—the language in which alone the finer shades of sentiment and passion can find appropriate expression. Šnaidr has

gracefully expressed himself on this subject (in his Okus, p. 138) in a poem which he calls *Labutj zpěw*—or the Swan-song.

Běda! že se mi tak pozdé
Můza česká wygewila!
Že mne teprw na okragi
Hrobu zpěwcem včinila:
Že až na mé márý ze swých
Wenných růži wěnec dáwá
O mky, giž w temný saumrak
Na rozchodnau mně podáwá!

Alas! that the bohemian muse
Should call so late upon the singer,
When on the borders of the grave,
A little while his footsteps linger.

She brings a wreath to deck my bier,
When years all mortal hopes dissever,
And beckons to detain me here,
When evening shades grow thick for ever.

Šnaidr is now justiciarius in Smidar.

Pospěsste sem pacholátka.

THE BELL.

From a popular superstition.

1.

Come hither, youths! and in your train
Your maidens bring:
The old man o'er his hoary lyre,
Old songs will sing.
The spirits of departed days
Again appear;
And sounds re-echo'd from the past,
Burst on his ear.

Near Hrub-Kozoged's village stream,
An ancient well,
Has held from immemorial time,
A hidden bell.

That bell is veil'd from human eyes,
For ever there;
And never shall its voice again
Summon to prayer.

Once—only once—in centuries gone,
That awful bell
Pour'd on an ancient woman's ear
Its marvellous knell.
She went to wash her flaxen threads
In that old well—
Her threads had bound the bell around,
She shriek'd—and fell.

She shriek'd and fell—and long she lay
In speechless dread—
She dropp'd the threads, and dropp'd the bell,
And frighted fled.
And then the bell, with fearful sound,
Sunk in the well;
And hill and forest echo'd round
Its fateful knell:
"John, John! is for the greyhound gone."*

* Jan, Jan za chrta dân.—These words are intended to convey the sound of a bell.

2.

The lord of Hrub-Kozoged's lands,
On swift-pac'd steed is homeward gone,
With John, who waits his lord's commands—
His huntsman bold, his faithful John.
His brow is like a tempest cloud,
With angry scowls he looks around—
"Where is my greyhound—where?" aloud
He asks—"Say where my favorite hound?"

And three long wearying days they track
Hill, wood, and every wonted place,
And no one brings the greyhound back,
And none the greyhound's path can trace.
Kozoged's master homeward turns,
As death and midnight dark and drear,
And mourning sighs, and sighing mourns—
"Where is my fav'rite greyhound—where?"

He spoke—and as he spoke—behold
An ancient witch on crutches pass'd,
One-eyed and hunch-back'd, haggard, old,
Fierce as a screech-owl—lo! she cast

A hellish light from fiendish eye ;
Parch'd skin and bone her wither'd hands.
She call'd—'twas like the raven's cry,
Hot—hoarse—the knight astonish'd stands.

" Stop ! stop ! sir knight ! arrest thy steed,
And bid thy train their steeds arrest,
For I can do a friendly deed,
And drive the storm-clouds from thy breast.
I know what thou hast lost—I know
Where thy poor hound is wandering now :
But 'tis in vain to tell thee so,
Thou art incredulous, I vow !

" Deliver me thy John—and I,
Thy fav'rite hound will bring to-morrow.
And dost thou wish to ask me why ?
Know that the sorceress can borrow
Youth from youth's blood—the stars above
Have told it—I shall be, in truth,
A maid of beauty and of love,
Wash'd in the blood-streams of the youth."

The youth he chang'd as pale as death,
Few words his anguish could impel;
'Twixt hope and fear—with stifled breath,
Upon his trembling knees he fell—
"O, gentle master! hear! I pray!
O, listen to mine urgent suit:
Give not thy servant's life away,
His life so precious, for a brute."

But other care, and other thought,
Across his master's bosom fly;
John's pale, cold cheeks he heeded nought,
But turn'd away his careless eye.
"Give me my hound at morning dawn,"
So to the witch the knight replied,
"And huntsman John shall be thine own—
I swear it—so be satisfied."

3.

The morn is blushing thro' the orient gates,
The witch is, with the hound, the castle nigh,
The sleepless youth his wretched sentence waits,
He slept not—but prepar'd his soul to die.

Yet once again he sought the knight, and pour'd
His prayer for mercy—" Hear the wretched one ;
Give not thy servant to the witch, kind lord !
From life and sunshine banish not thy John."

'Twas vain—the greyhound's bark had reach'd that ear,
Where voice of human sorrow idly fell :
He hugg'd the witch, he hugg'd his greyhound dear,
And order'd a rejoicing festival.
And to the witch, when beam'd the evening star,
He gave his servant fetter'd like a slave ;
Two dragons, harness'd to the death-black car,
Bore witch and victim to her mountain-cave.

4.

Five weeks had hardly glided by,
So fast they glide,
When the lov'd hound—so dearly bought,
Died—aye, he died !
His master, furious, tore his hair,
And groan'd with pain ;
Call'd on his hound, his John—he call'd
And groan'd again.

At last the gentle lapse of time
Quietly stealing,
Brought to his over-passion'd heart
Some human feeling.
The cruel worm of conscience gnaw'd
His breast within;
And John's dim shadow seated there,
Recall'd the sin!

"My John! my John!" he often cried,
"Thou innocent!
Thou, by the madness of thy lord,
From life uprent:
O bend thy head from highest heaven,
If there thou live,
And pitying him who pitied not—
My crime forgive."

At length he rear'd a little church,
To wash his guilt;
And near, a belfry tower of wood,
Repentant built.

And there of purest silver hung
A sacred bell,
Which daily—never ceasing—rang
John's funeral knell.

But from the very earliest day,
It struck that knell,
The hearer's teeth all gnash'd with fear;
So terrible—
So terrible its sound—so loud;
No silver sound—
But the church trembled at the noise,
And all around—
"John, John—is for the greyhound gone!"

5.

Kozoged's lord was told the story,
And bitter were the tears he shed;
He doff'd his robes of knightly glory,
Tore all his honors from his head:

A coarse, rough robe of hair-cloth made him,
Which from that day unchanged he wore,
Then to the wooden tower he sped him,
To be the watchman of the tower.

And lo! his hand uplifted, seizeth
The bell-rope—and begins to toll—
No more the worm of conscience teazeth
His half emancipated soul.
No more the bell those awful noises
Pours—which so many hearts had riven;
It sounds like angels' silver voices,
When echoed through the courts of heaven.

One only vesper-knell was sounded,
The aged watchman toll'd no more:
Death came—and there with peace surrounded,
He sank upon the belfry floor:
The frown upon his brow departed—
Some gentle hand had chas'd the frown,
And there he slumber'd—peaceful-hearted,
All guilt forgiven the guilty one.

6.

And many, many ages pass'd away,
Their gloomy shades o'er our Bohemia flinging,
That church in melancholy ruins lay,
The tower o'erturn'd—the bell had ceas'd its ringing:
Yet when that church and tower in fragments fell,
A heavenly angel, clad in light, appearing,
Convey'd the silver relic to the well—
Žizkians! that bell will toll not in your hearing.

From that same hour the crystal waters play
Above the silver bell—in silence sleeping—
There come the thirsty sheep-flocks, as they stray,
And there the revellers of the chase are keeping
Their court—that silver bell in deep repose
Lies cold and voiceless ages without number;
The ancient woman in the water throws
Her flaxen threads—and wakes it from its slumber.

'Twas the last time its awful accents broke—
"John, John—is for the greyhound gone," it mutter'd,
And never more to mortal ears it spoke,
Nor noise, nor word, nor whisper has it utter'd.

The neighbours seek the well—their pitchers fill,
They wash their flax—and fear pursues them never;
They know the bell's mysterious tongue is still,
And that it rests beneath the wave for ever.

7.

Forget not now, my children all,
The silver bell:
For here I end the song I sing,
The tale I tell.
To keep ye listening longer, were
Nor kind, nor wise,
For slumbers bend your weary head,
And dim your eyes.

Yet ere you leave—one passing word,
Our song may suit:
O! trifle not a soul away
Just for a brute.
Bear sorrow's sting with fortitude,
Whate'er befall;
And, O be gentle, kind, and good
To all—to all.

Now sleep in blessedness—till morn
Brings its sweet light:
And hear the awful voice of God
Bid ye "Good night!"
Yet ere the hand of slumber close
The eye of care,
For the poor huntsman's soul's repose,
Pour out one prayer.

Noworečenka, 1823, p. 59–69.

Antonin Puchmayer.

Born 1769—Died 1820.

ANTONIN Puchmayer was born in Teyn, a town on the river Vltava, on the 17th January, 1769—and died at Prague, in 1820. He was the most efficient and zealous among those bohemians who endeavoured to re-create a taste for the language and literature of his country, and the collection of Poems of which he was the editor, was the first fruits of a renewed attention to the subject. He was a philologist too of considerable merit, and had a little before his death completed a Russian Grammar, dedicated to the empress mother, which she acknowledged by the present of

a costly ring—an honor which found no recipient, for he was dead when it arrived. He translated sundry works from both french and german. He was latterly an ecclesiastic of Radnice.

Of Puchmayer's collection of bohemian poetry, the Ode to Žižka is undoubtedly the most remarkable piece. A romantic interest attaches to this hero of his nation, and his zeal for reform has already consecrated his name in every protestant country.

Puchmayer's volumes, though not distinguished by great poetical excellence, were undoubtedly the principal instrument in awakening the slumbering spirit of the bohemians, and gathering it round their language and their songs. For nearly two centuries the bohemian tongue had been silent; and though its earliest renovated accents were not of the highest eloquence, it is impossible not to watch with sympathy the earnest and patriotic attempt to revive the feelings of independence and dignity which do not abandon high-minded individuals in their adversity, and still less high-minded nations.

Žižka's history, which may be well studied in

Pelzel's volumes, is full of soul-stirring passages. He has been compared to Hannibal for the sagacity and variety of his stratagems, and the extraordinary readiness with which he created to himself resources in circumstances of doubt and difficulty. Like other great men, and especially like those greatest of men, who have devoted themselves, and sacrificed themselves to an unsuccessful *popular* cause, he has been delivered over to ages of calumny, from which some after and more enduring ages of glorious fame will rescue his memory. To the name of Žižka, *rebel* attaches—to that of John Hus, *heretic*—to that of George Poděbrad, *usurper*. Time will tear away the scrolls which falsehood has attached to their histories—and write Patriot —Reformer—Hero :—and the words will be indelible.

ODE on J. Žižka von Trotznow.

Kdo zwláště předčj w bogi nad wlastence.

Who rears his country's fair renown,
Shall earn a patriot's lofty praise—
Yes! he shall wear a laurel crown,
And him shall sing the poet's lays;
What prouder fame, what greener bays
Can history offer?—be his meed
Eternal laud within the shrine,
Lighted by glory's lamp divine,
That every triumph, every deed
Thro' everlasting years may shine.

Žižka! Bohemia's chief—arise!
Of murdered* Hus th' avenger thou!
Thou hast o'erwhelm'd thine enemies
In the fierce battle-field, and now
They perish in the dust below.

* It cannot be forgotten that the emperor Sigmund gave a "letter of safety," written with his own hand, to John Hus,

And the whole world has seen how great
A patriot's victory may be;
When arm'd, Bohemia!—arm'd for thee.
(O laurels on thy bidding wait,
To crown thee for eternity!)

And see! what crowded german bands—
Steeds clamp and weapons clang—from Rhine
And Oder's thickly-peopled lands;
And mountain-warriors there combine
From distant Alp and Appenine:
Hungarians too—and neighbouring poles,
And practised saxons—tell us why
Ye lift your swords, your lances high?—
O! popish briefs—and popish bulls
Have preach'd of our apostacy.

---

when he went to the council of Constance. "No man is bound to keep a promise made to a heretic."—And Sigmund, that imperial cold-blooded murderer—who thus justified the perfidy of which he was the willing instrument, was one of the pinks of chevaliers—one of the models of knighthood—of his day.

Like blackest locust-clouds they come,
Our own Bohemia to enslave;
And who—from such a storm—our home—
Our country can protect or save?
For what avail the wise or brave?
Who can resist the torrent's sway?
When they are nigh we disappear—
It is not doubt—it is not fear;
They drink the rivers on their way,
And every where their banners rear.

Thy voice, re-echoed o'er the land,
Wakes all Bohemia at thy name;
And every heart—and every hand
Are quicken'd by the living flame
Of courage—but what lust of fame
What mad ambition lur'd our foes—
We came—we look'd—our hero then
Summon'd his bands of chosen men,
And as the storm the surge-scurf blows
We scatter'd all their might again.

Still Žatetz's plains are bleak and bare,
Still towers old Brodsky's mountain dell,
Where, as the greyhound drives the hare,
Thou, with thy Tabrites didst compel
All—all to fly—but those who fell:
Proud Praga looks on Žižkow's* hill,
Still pleas'd that hallow'd spot to see,
Where Žižka leagued with victory—
And dreams play'd round Bohemia still,
The dreams of peace and liberty.

Then Germany—who felt the shame
Of Swabia's daring enterprise,
And that our Hus—Bohemia's fame—
Had been the bloody sacrifice;
There, where the Rhine so swiftly flies,
Rais'd up her flag—thou saxon mound,
Ye austrian hills, now witness bear,
How, towering o'er each mountain there,
Bohemia's lion roar'd around,
Bohemia's banner flapp'd the air.

---

* The hill where Žižka was encamped, was before this period, called Witkow

THEN glory, with her golden ray,
And silver trumpets pour'd thy praise;
And wing'd her bright and rustling way
O'er the wide world—thy fame to raise,
And bid the nations on thee gaze.
But with thy victories did she tell
What deeds of darkness and of dread
Were round those glorious victories spread,
And that thy name had been the spell,
From which all life and blessing fled?

ŽIŽKA! thy fame had blinded thee,
And fortune, with accustom'd sneer,
Had dregg'd her cup with treachery,
And pour'd her poisons in thine ear.
Whose valor came thy valor near?
Thou, like the illustrious Hannibal,
When he, on Cannæ's glorious day,
Swept all the Roman hosts away,
On thine own Cannæ didst appal,
And overwhelm Germania.

Thou hadst a glorious triumph then,
When midst a whole world's envying,
In victory's loud and joyous train,
Thou didst thy golden booty bring,
And on Bohemia's altars fling:
How loudly was the welcome pour'd
From every patriot Českian tongue,
Man—child—youth—maiden—woman flung,
To thee, thy country's son ador'd,
The wreaths their busy hands had strung.

Why didst thou dip that sacred wreath,
O Žižka! in thy brothers' blood?
Why bow thee from thy height—beneath,
And turn to evil all thy good?
Why didst thou loose thy savage brood
On monks and nobles—in thy rage
Give reins to riot—overthrow
Castles and towers—and deaf to woe—
Whelm all—and rear o'er all a stage,
Where error and where crime might grow.*

* Zde powēz skreyš, tam laupeže.—Here, heresy's seat—there, rapine's.

THOSE ruins*—which seem curs'd—and frown
As if some evil ghosts were there ;
Where bravery scarce dares stay alone,
O what a woeful page they are,
Of man in passion's fierce career :
The very winds that whistle thro',
Seem shuddering midst the gloomy pile :
There spectres meet—and sigh awhile ;
And as the screech-owls cry to-whoo !
The fiends of evil shriek and smile.

---

* The finest ruins in Bohemia are those left by Žižka.

Joseph Jungmann.

Born 1773.

JOSEPH JUNGMANN was born on the 18th June, 1773, at Hudlice, an obscure village. He is professor of poetry and oratory in the Academical Gymnasium of Prague. His prose writings are highly esteemed, and his enthusiasm for his mother tongue has won him the special affection of his countrymen. It is to him that Kollar addresses his 66th sonnet :—

Znám sie mnohau uš lechtilan hlawa.

Full many a noble-minded man I know,
(As numerous here as in remoter lands),
Our pride, our praise, near whom old glory stands,
Binding past—future laurels round their brow—

To whom shall I direct the garland now?
I may not choose among those generous bands:—
Yet one there is whom Slava's hearts and hands
Would crown—and with one knee of homage bow.
Favorite of all her races, and their priest!
Thine, quiet genius! thine the crown shall be,
Slavonia's glory shall encompass thee!
Thy name be heard—thy praise shall be confest,
Long as Vletava's waters seek the sea,
Jungmann! on thee shall grateful Slava rest.

His translations are numerous. His version of Paradise Lost is, without controversy, one of the most remarkable and most perfect that have hitherto appeared. His Slowesnost(Chrestomathia) is a very useful introductory book for the bohemian student. Many of his compositions have appeared in the literary journals of Bohemia.

Content.

Žiwol můg gest garo tkwaucy.

My life is like a flowery spring
Of calmness, liberty, and peace;
I mount not high on passion's wing,
I sink not deep in recklessness.
And noisy joys, where'er they be,
Have no attractive charms for me.

The marble busts—the statues tall
Of bronze, I envy not—be mine
A simple home, whose snowy wall
The smiling graces may enshrine.
Tho' gold may deck the rich man's roof,
It is not time nor sorrow-proof.

Pomona dwells my cottage near,
And leads sweet Flora in her hand;
My trees the richest offerings bear—
Uncoveted their treasures stand,

And in their falling leaves I see
True lessons for humanity.

THE elms—as if obedient, bend
Over my roof—their shadows deep,
A canopy of verdure lend,
To curtain me in tranquil sleep;
And visions floating in the air,
Are better than the dreams of care.

AND to the forest solitudes,
I fly to shield my quiet head,
And the wild masters of the woods,
Behold in me no tyrant dread;
To me, the fierce and foolish chase,
Is wearying discord and disgrace.

A CHEERFUL guest of nature, I
Want nor satiety have known,
Mine is a blest sufficiency
And freedom:—what is mine to own,
And to enjoy—enough—no more,
Meat—drink—and life glides calmly o'er.

When hours flow dully on in life,
I bid some cheerful neighbor come,
And then mine own bohemian wife
Gives him sweet welcome to our home;
The smiles that on her visage shine
Are all reflected back from mine.

The morning of a summer day,
Breaks forth in sweet serenity:
And fair as roses are, and gay,
The lovely world appears to me.
'Tis by man's eye that world is clad
In cheerful light, or darkness sad.

I love mankind—I love them well—
Wise — foolish — weeds — flowers — gloom and mirth,
Earth is to me—nor heaven nor hell—
It is—what is it? simply—earth;
Poor thoughtless wretch, by folly driven,
Who calls his earth—or hell, or heaven.

A GROUP of children round me lead
In dance and song the happy hours:
As fair as flowers upon the mead,
But sweeter far and lovelier flowers;
One flower—to him who knows its worth,
Is a dropp'd star of heaven on earth.

AND so unanxious, undismay'd,
I wait for death—and waiting chant
My songs—and feel upon my head
The sunshine of sweet peace—I want
No joy—but, hope—as nature's guest,
To die—and say—"Enough—I'm blest."

PUCHMAYER, V. 65.

M. Z. Polak.

Born 1788.

MILOTA ZDIRAD POLAK was born in Zásmuky the 29th February, 1788. He devoted himself from his youth to military studies and the military service, and was lately adjutant to Baron Koller. He twice accompanied the austrian troops to Italy, and remained some time in Naples, gathering up materials for an interesting work, which he published in 1820, entitled *Cesta do Italie*. But of his writings, his *Wzešenost přjrody* —Sublimities of nature—a lyrico-didactic poem, is best known. It evidences an exquisite sense of the beauties of creation, and is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable productions of the bohemian press. He now inhabits Vienna, where it is believed he is employed in braiding wreaths of the flowers he gathered under the bright suns of Italy.

Sil sem proso na sauwrati, nebudu ho žjti.

I've sown the millet,* yet I dare not reap the millet sown,
I've lov'd the maiden, and I shrink from calling her my own.

To sow and reap not—love and keep not—strange and sad decree;
Sown, not gather'd—lov'd, not wedded—luckless doom for me.

Beneath the ash tree, near the mill upon the mountain brow,
My maiden swore eternal love—where is her promise now?

I gave a garland—from a farland—and she gave a ring
To her lover—idle treasure—which no love could bring.

---

* Na sauwrati—On the edge of the field.

To those fair lips, as poppies red, what kisses have I given;
How often round that swan-like maid play'd like the breeze of heaven.

In love's own madness—danc'd with gladness—smil'd but 'twas to sigh:
Nights all-sleepless—chas'd the error—sad and lone was I.

At morning ere the matin bell—and ere the matin prayer*
I rose to hear the choral songs of minstrels of the air.

The forests shaded—I invaded—and my hapless eye
Ah! false maiden—wretched lover—saw—O agony!

'Twas in the valley's deepest dell† she sat—and not alone;
I heard the vow—I saw the kiss—she smil'd—he said 'Mine own'

---

* Na klekanj—The thrice-repeated singing in the Catholic churches to morning, noon, and evening prayers.

† W roklince—a small valley between two rocks.

He fondly press'd her—I address'd her—'Wretched,
wretched be;'
Sown not gather'd—lov'd not wedded—luckless
doom for me.

Kraska to Kwétoslaw.

Na kwětných mne březých wždy nech obýwati.

Yes! let me wander by that flower-bank'd stream
Which pours its fountains out by Praga's wall;
Go! toil for honor in the fields of fame:
Fame—all Bohemia wakens at its call.
Where my young days pass'd by in blissful thought
Is now a dreary solitude to me;
The scenes which peace and love and beauty brought
Are darkness all—because estrang'd from thee.

Thou wert an ever-sparkling light—but now
Art a pale meteor trembling in the sky:
I see thy name carv'd on the maple's bough,
Or by the moon's gold sickle writ on high;

There do my loud sighs wed them to the wind,
And harps æolian in the grotto play;
Be present to my eyes—as to my mind—
Hither again—O hither bend thy way.

'Midst the dark foliage in the full-moon's light
Thou didst first fan the fire of holiest love;
There did my pure lips pledge their early plight,
While listening nightingales were group'd above.
Hear (saidst thou) hear my words thou blue-bright heaven;
Hear them, thou moon! whom yon fair stars attend;
And if I leave thee—curs'd and unforgiven
Let poison with each breeze, each breathing blend.

O thou wilt see, bewitching, blinding maids,
Maids who o'er youth's fond dreams supremely reign;
And thou wilt then forget Bohemia's shades,
And thou wilt wear affection's foreign chain.
Those ringlet-tresses—those black, beaming eyes
I know they will intoxicate—I know
How they will dazzle—while thy Kraska flies
Fading and fading more—and dwells with woe.

I HEAR the rattling troop—I feel the earth
Is shaking 'neath the chargers—so begone.
I hear the drums loud rolling—and the mirth
Of battle-loving heroes—Kwétslaw—on!
On to the banner! yet one kiss—thou bold
Heart-chosen man—fame calls thee—no delay;
Take the sharp steel—'tis glittering in its hold;
Thy Kraska's hand shall bind it—now away!

Now battle like a Českian—and success,
Success walk still unwearied at thy side,
Courageous but discreet—Yet forward press
As cataracts adown the mountain side.
The kiss I give thee now, O let it burn
Like sacred fire upon thy lips—until
To thine enraptur'd maid thou shalt return—
And godlike thoughts her widening bosom fill.

Kwětoslaw to Kráska.

Wlast mne wolá, Krásko! oko drahé zgasni.

My country calls me, Kraska! dry thine eyes,
Disturb not with thy tears youth's quiet flow;
Rend not my heart—nor chill thine own with sighs;
Thy rosy cheeks are mantled o'er with snow—
Weep not because thy Českian leaves thee—No!
The mighty lion on the flag unfurl'd,
Roars with loud voice, and bids the warriors go—
Wealth, heart, and blood—our country—and the world.

How sweet and silent were our early days,
Gliding like meadow streamlets soft and still;
Enjoyment threw o'er every hour its rays,
Anxious, life's cup with flowing bliss to fill.

But soon—too soon—that bliss has been o'ercast,
Which made me the world's envy—now the frost,
The silver frost of sorrow makes a waste
Of my once glowing spirit—All is lost.

Yet will I prize thy love—the love I've sworn,
That love shall lead through immortality.
Think not that white-arm'd maidens' smile or scorn,
Can for an instant lure my thoughts from thee.
No dimples, howsoever lovely—grace,
Howe'er majestic—pearly teeth in rows—
Mouth breathing sweets—Can these—can these efface
Thy memory? Never!—or thy sway oppose?—

In the night's silence—at the twilight's dawn,
Whene'er I gird my sabre to my side—
When eve around the hills her clouds has drawn—
Then—always—shall I think of thee—and glide
In fancy to thy presence—midst the roar
Of cannons—and the flash of swords—and hiss
Of bullets—while like seeds of thistles o'er
Torn limbs fly by—thy love shall be my bliss.

Should I return to our bohemian land,
When the blest trump of peace is heard again,
What bliss—what bliss supreme to take thy hand—
How will my spirit thrill with rapture then!
Thy rosy lips my eager kiss shall press,
My arms around thy smiling form shall be;
Thine eyes—thy cheeks—the kiss of love shall bless;
O! the unutterable extasy!

Hark! hark! the trumpet's call—the banner flies
High flapping in the wind—our lions shake
Their grisly manes—thou maid of Paradise,
Come hither—come—thy hero's sabre take,
And gird it on—and bless him—and one kiss—
One kiss—and then—and then—what words can tell
My thoughts—thou joy, hope, peace, song, love, and bliss—
My more than heaven—farewell—farewell—farewell!

John Kollár.

JOHN KOLLÁR is a bohemian minister at Pesth, in Hungary. I have not scrupled to translate pretty largely from his works; and I am much mistaken if he will not be deemed worthy of praise and admiration. The affecting tenderness, the melancholy sweetness with which he dwells on the fate of his country, and the eager enthusiasm with which he rears up the dreams of her future power and happiness, appear to me full of the finest materials of thought and expression. Like my original, I have bound myself to the sonnet's narrow limits—but Kollár has also written some epigrams and elegies. I cannot but deem such men

as he the great conservators of their country's fame, and the sources of their country's hope. His words (Slawy Dcera, p. 73,) have been often referred to as topics of consolation :

Krásnegi se nikdo nehonosj
Smělým čelem, gako wlastenec
Genž w swém srdci celý národnosj*

In his *Slawy Dcera*, Kollár's affection for his country and for his Mina is exquisitely delineated, and towards the former no patriot ever poured forth more high-sounded breathings. He weeps "melodious tears" over the ruins of his father-land, and hurls his bitter and eloquent curses against her oppressors. When excited he "speaks daggers." Independently of his poetry he has rendered many services to slavonian philology.

---

* O how illustrious is the patriot's part,
Struggling for freedom with a constant heart.

Sonnet 9.

Nenj to zem, ani nebe zcela

Not earthly charms,—nor heavenly are alone,
In thine incomparable grace exprest;
'Tis holiness in human beauty drest,
Time's shade around immortal brightness thrown
Now chain'd to fleeting love—and now upflown
From the faint passions of a time-bound breast,
To the unclouded sunshine of the blest;
From dust and darkness—to the lightning's throne.
There stars roll o'er thee,—from whose radiant light
Thou didst receive the rays thou scatter'st round,
While flashing like a vision on the sight;
Say wert thou moulded from the clayey ground,
That I may love thee?—if thou art divine—
An angel—I will worship at thy shrine.

Sonnet 10.

Těžko zrjti, wěřjm, když se w krásy.

O WHAT sublime conceptions fill the soul,
When o'er the dawn-clad Tatra* the rapt eye
Wanders;—all thought dissolv'd in sympathy,
And words unutter'd into silence roll!
How the heart heaves when thunder-storms eclipse
The sun, and century-rooted oaks uptear:
When Etna opens wide his fiery lips—
Turns pale the star-hair'd moon and shakes the sphere!
Yet this, and more than this, my soul can bear—
But not thine innocent look,—thy gentle smile—
What magic, might, and majesty, are there:
A trembling agitation shakes me, while
Confus'd amidst thy varied charms I see
The powers of earth and heaven all blent in thee.

* The highest of the Carpathian mountains.

Sonnet 12.

Malug obraz, genž se zářj hrawau.

Mould thee of brightest dreams an airy creature,
The loveliest soul in loveliest body dress;
Bid beauty overflow from every feature—
Bid mind uplift them from earth's narrowness.
Let the eye flash with light from heaven,—and love
Mingle the tenderness of earthly care;
And the tall forehead tower erect, above
Those smiling lips that breathe such odors fair.
Bind living garlands round the snowy brow,
With flowers from every stem and every sphere—
Flowers gay and various as the Iris-bow,
And let that form pour music on the ear,
And sweet slavonian song—thou hast array'd
In shadowy dreams a true slavonian maid.

Sonnet 15.

Přjroda se ze wšeck žiwlů wšudy.

NATURE from all her elements hath made
A flower of fadeless beauty—she hath blent
All charms that earth hath held or heaven hath lent—
And in the light of suns and stars array'd
Her form:—from Pallas wisdom—Lada* grace,
Hath stol'n—instead of odors which decay:
Cupid and Milek† tore the leaves away,]
And rounded every limb in three days space.
Then came the higher deities, and pour'd
The graces and the charities—a tongue
Of silver gave, and round the maiden hung
The sympathies of tenderness—who sees
The angel, cries—O born to be ador'd!
Who brought from Stella's groves such charms as these.

* Venus. † Cupid.

Sonnet 21.

Nikdý takým záře šarlatowá.

The morning beaming on the flowery beds,
Whose gems give back its beauty, light and grace,
Is far less lovely than thy lovely face—
Where Lada* all her rays of radiance spreads.
The chaste but glowing pencil of the spring,
Which paints the may-rose, has no tint to give
So fair as these thy sweet lips' colouring,
With ever-living smiles that round them live.
The bending of thy beauteous arms is fairer
Than the gold strings of the musician's bow,
So magical:—to what shall I compare her!
To fable's dreams? O no! for here a rarer
And a diviner model I can show—
A foot whose touch moves not the sands below.

* Venus.

Sonnet 23.

Sotwy že se smělšj opowážj.

The busy thoughts to narrow bounds confin'd,
Struggle for wider fields, and beat the wires
Of their poor cage :—impatience makes them blind
In gazing on the light of vain desires,
And they disperse—but hope broods o'er the mind,
And warms its dreams and fans its sleeping fires,
Till like that glorious bird that never tires,
It sits aloft in clouds and stars enshrin'd.
For me has virtue flower'd on love's sweet stem,
At Vesta's altar I have pour'd my vows :
I have tied wreaths of worship round the brows
Of Milek,* and I wear his diadem,—
To suffering he the stamp of joy has given,
And pour'd on earth the sunny light of heaven.

* Cupid.

Sonnet 27.

Ještě spj! O ticho srdce hlasné.

She sleepeth! cease, thou noisy heart! to beat;
Let every step be silence—birds! be still;
Ye guardian spirits, on your pinions fleet,
Fly—hurry back the sun-light from the hill.
It were a sin to lose an hour so sweet:
Ungrateful not love's mandates to fulfil;—
Disturb her not—kiss gently, eager will,
Those lips—that brow—both love and beauty's seat.
But, as the trembling hand approach'd—afraid
To lift the silken veil that wrapt the maid,
She woke in beautiful emotion,—threw
Three hundred flashes round her, each a ray
Of lightning—saw the youth—her eyes of blue
Melted—bent down—she whisper'd soft, "good day."

Sonnet 28.

Negen ona růžokwétná ljčka.

Cheeks which are colored from the dewy rose;
Lips, whence young smiles go forth and where they
rest:
A swan-like neck above a snowy breast,
Where many a golden curl light-waving flows.
A forehead bright as sunshine—hazel brows,
Pencil'd as if by art—their orbits drest
In living light of innocence,—repress'd
Each heaving sigh, and every breath that rose
Half-smother'd—thus it was that I was bound;
Love's thousand, thousand fetters girt me round:
What time he lull'd me with his sweet delusion,
Till I awoke, midst struggling, strife, and care;
Grief fought with hope, and fancy with despair,
And soul with sense—all conflict and confusion.

Sonnet 30.

Očì, očì modré milostrivé.

Ye eyes with love o'erflowing—eyes of blue,
Ye white pearls peeping thro' unfolding buds,
Eyes where earth's azure, and heaven's azure too,
Shine as reflected on the mirrory floods.
From ye—from your own brightness, living schools!
I studied virtue—why did ye impart,
With your instructions, poison to my heart?
Why mingle mischief with your moral rules?
In your first glance the peace-destroyer shot
His mortal arrow thro' me—and it smote
My inmost heart—but yet I murmur not;
But dwell on thought more blessed, tho' remote:
As heaven is gilded by the torch's ray
That lights our funerals on their tomb-bound way.

Sonnet 33.

Wšecko, co gen koli nahromadil.

O my Slavonia! many are the blows
Which time and unkind destiny have laid
Upon thy helplessness—thy children, foes;
By sons—by strangers—by the world betray'd,
Tatars, and magyars, and that cruel nation,
Deceitful germans—who unpeopled thee;
Yet love, sweet love, hath found thee compensation,
And a rich recompence for injury—
Thy native tongue—and would they but have bann'd it,
The shame it had been ours e'en more than theirs:
It was no wonder that their cunning plann'd it,
Yet when pretence puts forth her foreign airs,
In silence, O Slavonia! understand it,
For idle noise no fruit of wisdom bears.

Sonnet 36.

W pstré lauky, a wy hustým njzká.

Ye flower-clad meadows, and ye silent vallies,
Encircled round with verdure-covered trees:
O welcome, welcome, beauty's nymph, who sallies—
Throwing bright glances o'er your luxuries;
Is the stream brighter—are the flowers more fair—
Is the high poplar taller—doth the bird
Of the green wood sing sweeter to the air,
And gayer is the reaper's music heard?
Ye winds, bring all your odors—nymphs, that hide
Youselves in grottos, join in dance and song:
Lift up your heads, ye hills, in joy and pride—
Here all is harmony—the maid—the scene—
Here beauty is and incense—here have been—
Such goddess to such temple doth belong.

Sonnet 37.

Negen že ge kinene slowanského.

'Tis not alone that of Slavonia's stem,
She is a simple and a smiling flower;
Tho' the obdurate frank and saxon's power
Have sought to rase the impress of the gem.
Oh! many erring sons of Slawa know
Too little of her glories—they conspire,
Her language—their sire's fame—to overthrow,
Nor heed the frownings of celestial ire.
A heart as pure as are the pearls of dew—
An english spirit in a child-like guise—
A magic on the lips and in the eyes,
And friendship's strength, and beauty's sparkling hue.
Ye fame-full tribes and tongues! since heaven has given
All this, what more would ye expect from heaven?

Sonnet 39.

Uzřew ondy mésjc plnoskwaucj.

When the moon o'er the mountain-branches rises,
With rays as rainbows brilliant, lo! it seems
As if thy smile upon its pale face beams
With more than lunar light: for love disguises
All objects, and in passionate fondness I
Pour'd out my heart, and wildly held dicourse
With that supernal queen, until the hoarse
Laugh of the mountains shook the starry sky.
Then to night's spectre-spirits did I cry
Impatient—and they tarried in their course,
And bid the gentle stars of heaven reply:
"We have sent forth a sister from on high,
Clad all in love and light and beauty—she,
Slawa! was sent to minister to thee."

Sonnet 43.

Na rtech těchto, srdce twého prahu.

Upon thy lips—thy swelling breast of snow,
Thy bright eyes, and thy budding soul—I lay
My love's unshaken—its eternal vow—
Its oath—its pledge—yes! Mina! hear me say:
"Time overrules the world—makes all its prey—
Time calls us where all time is buried low:
Yet I am thine for aye—record it so—
Thou glorious heaven—thou star-girt milky way!"
I bend me from the clouds—my name is fate;
On thee I look in pity—for tho' peace
Is in thy vow—yet war must be thy doom;
And I shall chase thee in thy restlessness—
Whither and when—I say not—soon or late—
Perchance a better—brighter day may come.

Sonnet 45.

Ode Babigory w tomto rauše stjnu.

(A spirit with a naked sword.)

" A shadowy form I come from Babigōr;
Sent by thy country to her doubting son—
O! on love's triflings waste thy soul no more:
Mina, or country—choose, and choose but one."

(A spirit with a bent bow.)

" I visit thee from love's flower-scatter'd shore;
Three days my arrow Lada has possess'd
To sharpen—tell me, tell me, I implore—
Dost love thy country or thy Mina best?"
The midnight struck—I left the awful spot:
My eye still fix'd upon the misty shade—
The sword—the arrow—Mina—country—what
But doubt and silence—on my breast I laid
My hand—tore out and broke in twain my heart—
My country!—Mina!—each shall have a part.

Sonnet 50.

Ještě čnj ten domek! poljbenj.

Yet, yet, I see thee thro' the distance peeping,
Mine own sweet home, and fling renew'd adieus—
Onward, my steps, O onward! lest my weeping
O'erpower me with the thoughts of what I lose.
I see thy golden doors—awake or sleeping,
Thou land of peace—like sunbeams midst the dews:
Vain dreams! for I thro' darksome woods am creeping—
I have no mansion, but the clouds' wild hues.
Turn not, O turn not back—shine, day-star, shine!
Ye birds of heaven pour out your loudest songs—
Lift, thou fierce storm, that awful voice of thine—
Shout mountains, shout! what pang to man belongs,
Man may bear bravely—I resolve—and yet
Turn back—and then I feel my eyes are wet.

Sonnet 54.

Lasko! lasko! ó ty sladký klame.

O LOVE! thou sweet but sorrowful delusion—
Thou golden cup with treacheries o'erflowing:
Thou twixt two hearts—with tendrils strong up-
growing
Dost bind them—'till they melt in common fusion.
Earth and heaven's blessedness seems theirs—enjoy
The fleeting moment, for the storm is waking—
It blackens—bursts—and heaven and earth are
shaking:
That storm the boat and boatman may destroy.
Daughter of heaven, where art thou? Thou sweet
guest,
Whom I have often welcom'd to my breast:
Thou child of flowers—thou fountain-head of care!
I launch'd my bark for thy bright port—but heaven
Frown'd;—with a broken rose-stem was I driven
Upon the rocks—and nought but briars were there.

Sonnet 56.

Ku barbarům rodu Awarského.

THERE came three minstrels in the days of old,
To the Avaric savage—in their hands
Their own slavonian citharas they hold:
"And who are ye!" the haughty Khan demands;
Frowning from his barbaric throne, "and where—
Say where your warriors—where your sisters be."
"We are slavonians, monarch! and came here
From the far borders of the baltic sea:
We know no wars—no arms to us belong—
We cannot swell your ranks—'tis our employ
Alone to sing the dear domestic song"—
And then they touch'd their harps in doubtful joy.
"Slaves!" said the tyrant—"these to prison lead,
For they are precious hostages indeed."

Sonnet 68.

Garo wzniká, mlhy plašj slunce.

'Tis spring—the sun is putting forth his rays—
The gentle airs play lovingly together,
And on the green boughs, shaded from the weather,
The nightingales are singing rapturous lays:
The seeds are swelling for the harvest days—
The squirrels springing, and the bulls are prancing—
The butterflies along the gardens dancing,
And the bees singing endless roundelays.
There's universal joy—or eloquent,
Or silent—yet 'tis joy—and love, and gladness;
While I—poor devotee of woe and sadness,
On spring and summer turn a hopeless eye:—
Dark is the sun to me—joy's fountain dry,
Since from my soul, that soul's sweet life was rent.

Sonnet 70.

Čekeg tamto nad Šumawau málo.

Tarry, thou golden sun, upon our hills,
Our own bohemian hills—above our woods;
O tarry: 'tis alone thine influence fills
With rays of light Bohemia's solitudes;
And as thy mission is of peace and joy,
Chace thou the evil dreams of darkness—pour
Bright greetings—and the shades of grief destroy,
And bless the love which calls thee to watch o'er
And witness its deep faithfulness—Awake
Some splendor in mine eyes, and bear to her,
Beneath whose influence, and for whose sweet sake
I would be gay—O golden monarch! bear
To her all beams of beauty and of bliss,
And let thy smile—cheeks, lips, and eyelids kiss.

Sonnet 72.

Sláwie ! O Sláwie ! ty gmeno.

SLAVONIA ! glory-breathing name, surrounded
With mingling mists of pleasure and of pain :
Now torn by sorrow—now by treachery wounded—
Now, breaking into light and strength again.
From the Karpathian to the Ural brows,
From sandy wastes that wake the summer's heat,
To where its ray falls powerless on the snows—
Thou art enshrin'd in thy majestic seat!
Thou hast o'erliv'd misfortune—hast withstood
The idol worship of the nations round,
E'en thy own children's black ingratitude ;
And thou hast rear'd thee, on the eternal ground,
A temple from the ruins of old time,
Whence thou pour'st forth thine energies sublime.

Sonnet 79.

Gestle sláwy rumy geště wstanaw.

When future generations of our sons,
From old Slavonia's ruins, shall re-build
Her temple—from the congregated stones
The bards shall speak; and be their songs fulfill'd!
Regenerate now your country—for its name
Is *glory**—shield her from a stranger's grasp,
And O! let never selfish avarice clasp
Slavonia in her arms of sinful shame!
To many members she hath one sole head—
Her nervous limbs from one sole body grow—
From one sole source her mingled waters flow!
Why should her sons through tortuous pathways lead?
Divide?—'twere nobler far—a close link'd band,
To claim one glorious, lasting father-land.

* Slawa—Glory.

Sonnet 88.

Nechtěg zaupat, když se proti tobě.

No, brothers! no despairing—Envy's eye,
Sharp and malevolent, may pierce ye through—
Yet wound not truth by weakness, nor undo
Her victories by mistrust—nor faint—nor fly—
Since truth should stand erect, and lift on high
Her glorious standard; for she can subdue
Resistance into fealty—blasphemy
Into pure worship,—into reverence true.
Truth is a storm on Lebanon, that shaketh
The mighty cedars which resist her shock;
Oppos'd—far mightier is the stir she maketh—
Her tongue is as a sword—her breath a rock—
Her heart is marble—pillars are her hands,
And trampling down her foes, with granite feet she stands.

Sonnet 95.

Oni rtowé, gegichž wůně plynná.

Those very lips with honey overflowing,
Which have pour'd out so much of peace and pleasure;
A stream of light and sweetness, without measure:
To those—to those alone, my pangs are owing.
So to the pilgrim in Arabia's fields,
Perfumes and balsams come—but drawing nigh,
He feels the fierceness of a burning sky,
And faints amidst the odours which it yields.
Her lips are full of manna and of nectar—
Heaven's fragrant breezes play—as to protect her;
And yet she breathes sweet poison, for there sits
Perdition on those lips, in Love's own shape;
And thence he wings his fiery darts in fits,
And he has struck me—how should I escape?

Sonnet 102.

Hory, hory, slyšte hory skalné.

Ye towering mountains upon mountains pil'd,
Rocks upon rocks up to the cloudy sky,
Build me a temple on your summits high,
Whence I may reach that angel, far exil'd.
Ye towering mountains upon mountains pil'd!
Ye gathering streams that, thro' your beds beguil'd,
Roll thundering to the ocean's majesty,
Singing loud anthems as ye hasten by—
Bear these, my tears, uncheck'd and undefil'd.
Ye gathering streams to ocean's depths that hie!
Ye winds, ye breezes, wherefore are ye still?
Freshen and bear my sighs to her high throne:
Take pity—hasten—and my prayers fulfil—
Ye winds, ye breezes, wherefore are ye still?
Waft me to her, seraphic messengers,
Or her to me—nor let me pine alone;
For what are clouds, or storms, or ghostly fears?
Waft me to her, seraphic messengers!*

* This is the 102nd sonnet of Kollar's Slawa Dcera. It is one of those of which Joseph Wenzy has published translations.

Sonnet 103.

Ani audol Tater těchto tichá.

O NOT our own Karpathia's quiet vales,
O'er which the green-brow'd mountains girt with stone
Raise up to heaven their adamantine walls,
Making midst stars and clouds a glorious throne.
Not Pison pouring to Euphrate's tide,
Its golden-water fountain—not the juice
Which medicine's marvellous craft did erst produce
When Vulcan fann'd the fire—these will not hide,
These will not heal, my sorrows—I can find
No freshening stream to cool my burning breast,
No ointment on the wounds of life to bind—
Without its nymphs sweet Tempe were unblest;
Without its maidens, what were Arcady?
Without its Eve, what's paradise to me?

Sonnet 106.

Rcete ženci, co tam se srpečky.

Tell me, ye reapers, tell me have ye found,
While binding up your sheaves of golden corn,
A little, laughing, lovely boy, around
Whose curly locks a harvest-wreath is bound?
Ye shepherds, who with dew-damp feet, at morn
Track your white lambs—say have ye seen forlorn
A gentle joyous child, that o'er the ground
Trips sportively? Ye forests, that adorn
The mountains—ye sweet birds—ye flowing rills—
Ye list'ning rocks—heard ye that voice's sound,
Whose strain of music thro' creation thrills?
If ye have seen not—heard not—pity me—
Help me to find the maid I love—and be
Milder than unrelenting destiny.

Sonnet 108.

Záře zlatá stkwj se nad wýchodem.

In its pale glory beams the early day,
The eagle on strong pinion mounts on high,
O'er the calm lake the swan glides peacefully,
The white lambs on the verdant meadow play,
The songster tells his mate, that day is nigh—
The flowers are mirrors, made by dewdrops' ray,
The bolts and bars of human dwellings fly,
And noise rolls o'er the lately silent way :
The darkness and the weariness are past
Of yesternight—and now the morning breaks
In light and beauty undisturb'd—a vast
And glorious renovation ; but for me
No morn of hope—no day of brightness wakes—
'Tis an eternal night of misery.

Sonnet 110.

Dunagi, ty i wšech toků knjže.

Duna!* thou queen of many rivers—thou
Of all Slavonia, venerable mother!
Why to a foreign ocean dost thou flow,
Why leave thy native home to seek another?
O! if thou love thy birth-place, if thou know
Pity for these thy sorrowing children—glide
Not to the Osmans, but these tears of woe
Bear to thy cradle on thy silver tide.
Dost thou seek wreaths of fame?—it is no fame
To bear a hundred ships upon thy face
While it is water'd by a single tear—
Yet *this* is glory—when *Wletawa*† here
Joins to thy name its own fraternal name,
And thy bride *Saale*† speeds to thine embrace.

* The Danube.
† The slavonian rivers that flow into the Danube.

Sonnet 112.

O, wy drahé zbytky mého pádu.

Dear relic of the past! so sweetly fair,
O would that Pope, or of the Iliad, he
Could sing the tresses of thy golden hair,
In music, blessed maiden! worthy thee.
Had I the fleece of Argos—did I bear
A sultan's sceptre—dwell in palaces—
Rule half the world—thou, thou far more than these—
Thou, hundred times saluted prize, wert dear.
Thou, while it vibrates—thou my heart's own key!
Thou, who art beauty—who art all to me:
Thou—not disdainful—like a worldly maiden,
Say, when the wild wind with my dust is laden,
Wilt thou not take thy seat in heaven—a star
Where Berenice's tresses shine afar?

Sonnet 118.

Na tě mysljm, když tmy šeré hynau;

I THINK of thee when night's dark shadows fly,
And morning's ray spreads slowly o'er the hills;
When girt with stars and clouds, the morn on high
Smiles on the birchen grove and gilds the rills.
I hear thee in the gentle music, made
By streams that rush to other streams—by flowers
That whisper to the winds, or catch the showers—
Or green leaves rustling in the vernal glade.
Thee do I see—thee would I recognize—
A pilgrim hasting to a holy shrine;
When mists that seem all-sacred wrap the skies,
With thee I dwell, and I am ever thine;
Thus soul-united—there shall never be
Aught but my grosser nature far from thee.

Sonnet 125.

W jteg přišta z dálky lastowičko.

Now, welcome swallow! welcome! take thy rest—
The spring is melting every icy stream—
Build 'neath my roof thine unmolested nest;
Here be thy quiet home of peace—nor deem
The bard intrusive, if he bid thee tell
Of distant lands and distant beauties—say
If from yon plains, where all the graces dwell,
She gave thee no sweet message on thy way.
"Thither I flew, for I had often heard
Of charms that dazzled every flitting bird—
Thither I flew, to gaze upon the maid:
But I was so bewilder'd, when I saw,
That eloquent fame itself had failed to draw
Her form—I fled—in silence and afraid."

Sonnet 133.

Znášli krag ten ony ráge wěcné.

Know'st thou the land of paradise above,
The home of beauty and the seat of mind—
Where virtue is the minister of love—
Love, beauty, virtue, intellect enshrin'd,
All-influential: where the breezes blow
Odorous and mild; and nightingales from bowers
Of myrtles sing unceasing—palm trees grow,
O'ershading to protect the sunny flowers.
Know'st thou the land where neither night nor heat
Blacken or blast—no thorns the roses bear,
And pure desires their swift fruition meet:—
Time's stream rolls on untroubled at time's feet;
Wife—sister—each, as other, pure and dear—
O mine for lasting ages! *Thou art there.*

Sonnet 146.

Patři wûkol gako žlutnau hole.

See! for dark mists the mountain-tops are shading,
And town and village welcome wanderers home;
Where play'd the zephyr air—the north winds roam;
Where songs of joy were heard, is peace pervading—
Still is the stream—the storks are now parading
Our borders,—with the sun prepar'd to go:
The flowers that on the Danube's borders grow
Are borne away—the yellow vine leaf fading.
But sight and scene shall not be clouded long—
Earth shall throw off its mourning robes again,
And May shall come with extacy and song;
But not to me—ah not for me—in vain
The seasons change: no renovating spring
Shall to my autumn light and verdure bring.

The following sonnets have not, I believe, been published: I have been favoured with them in M.S.

Nechoi zlata, nápoge a gidla.

Not gold, nor precious drinks, nor costly food,
Nor titles—no; nor diadems—vain things!
I would not have such trifles if I could;
But glory! thou, my mother!* give me wings,
Yes! give me wings, and I will fly and greet
Slavonia's scatter'd brothers—I will go
Where Chekians,† Servians, and Khrowatians‡ meet,
And whence the Visla and the Volga flow.

So, like a bee, from flower to flower I'll fly
To all Slavonia's children 'neath the sky,
Dispensing music as I pass along
And sweet my task and great my bliss will be
To pour out smiles on every family,
And cheer each mother and each maid with song.

---

* Slawo, matko mila! this invocation loses its effect where the analogy is lost between *Glory* and *Slavonia*.

† Bohemians.

‡ Croatians.

Sonnet.

Co ge wrtký mésje u oblohy.

Even as the changeful moon across the sky
Moves on inconstant—now in brightness shining—
Now clouded—now towards the hills declining—
Now lifts its face, and now its horn on high:
So falsely midst the gods—so treach'rously
Doth love deceive, and laugh at mortal men—
Now opens Eden to our ravish'd eye,
Then flings us back to wretchedness again.
As he whom sunlight guides upon his way,
But little heeds the moon's inferior ray,
So do I turn me from love's feeble name;
Since heaven, that makes great gifts the lesser follow,
Took Cupid to replace him by Apollo—
Beckon'd off Venus—and led forward Fame.*

* Slawa.

Sonnet.

Gednem nemoc ukracuge léta.

Disease curtails the gathering years of some,
Some fall a rival's enmity beneath,
Sharp steel, or pinion'd-lead sends others home—
Poison and thunder fill the nets of death:
Some are o'erpower'd by wasting pestilence—
The murderer's bloody stroke is some men's doom,
The headsman summons others to the tomb,
But I—am called by love to speed me hence.
Bring back my song, thou listening earth and sea—
Love has for some sweet transports—but for me,
Nothing but sorrowing dreams and wailings drear:
Then pity me, thou outspread arch of heaven—
To some hath love its nuptial blessings given—
To me a grave—a dungeon, and a bier.

Sonnet.

Gaké barwy ! gaké spanilosti.

What colors ! what sweet fragrance ye are throwing,
What beauties scattering on that lovely shore ;
Flowrets ! so blue, so meek, so lowly growing—
Ye fair forget-me-nots—thus sprinkled o'er.
O ! I have seen in other distant lands,
The self-same glances of your azure eyes—
Then still the tumult of my stormy sighs,
And strengthen all my heart with firmer bands.
Would that it were my lot, ye starry flowers !
To mingle with your buds, the banks along
Of Rakosh,* and the silver current strong
Of Saalē—I would tell the flowing hours
Your name, and bid them mark, that wintry fate
Destroy'd you, only to resuscitate.

* *Rakosh* is a celebrated field near Pesth, through which a stream flows, and above which a mountain rises. In former times the hungarians held their assemblies and consultations there, whence came the name of Rokoš or Rakoš—the place of counsel.

Sonnet.

Pahorek gest, na nemž rozwaliny.

There is a hill where time's devouring teeth
Feed on the ruins of an ancient tower;
A little city lifts its head beneath,
And a small house which linden-trees embower.
Upon its heaven-regarding roof, the sun
Pours forth the very brightest of his rays:
It is the temple of a mighty one,
Whom fame hath visited with loud-voic'd praise.
For many a year, had fearful signs of weeping,
And frightful sounds of woe, that dwelling fill'd;
Now 'tis beneath the wings of silence sleeping:
Love hath the dreams, the wounds, the sorrows still'd
Which broke the rest of fame, and driven away
The bear, the lion, and the beasts of prey.*

* Appendix to Slawy Dcera.

Sonnet.

O půl noci, když zem celau skrýwá

At midnight, when the robes of darkness, when
The belt of snow have girded all the earth,
I wander forth, in passion and in pain,
From her, who gave that pain and passion birth.
The damp-cold north wind lifts its voices loud—
Its many voices, Maker! unto thee;
And bursting thro' a broken silvery cloud,
The moon looks down with tenderness on me.
Pour forth thy light from thy o'erflowing chalice
Of radiant beams, and let them nightly flow
Over the crooked path I tread below:—
I am no thief, no minister of malice,
No runaway, no conscience-smitten—no!—
To love and Lada* all my grief I owe.

* Venus.

Sonnet.

Ač giž dnu mi smutne proplakanych.

O SHE has caus'd me many days of mourning—
Yes! many days mourning from morn to eve,
And fate my grief to grief more gloomy turning—
Flung worlds between us; therefore do I grieve
With deeper pang, and therefore bear a chain,
Whose heavy weight no patience can endure,
And like a froward infant weep in vain
O'er wounds that nought can soothe and nought can cure.
So midst these torments roll my life-days o'er,
And hope is dissipated all in dreams—
In Nebosh* cells, and distant Dalibor;
Yet still I bear—unbending—fancy's schemes
Console me, and I kiss the chains she bound
My miserable helplessness around.

* A fortress-prison in Belgrad. When the turks throw a criminal into its dungeons, they say *Neboi sa*, (fear not), whence its name.

Waslaw Hanka.

Born 1791.

WENESLAUS HANKA was born on the 10th of June, 1791, at Hořěnowes. In 1818 he was appointed librarian of the national museum at Prague. His poetical productions are not numerous, but flowing and national. It is to him that the literature of Bohemia owes the great debt of the discovery and elucidation of the Kralodworsky MSS., which may, without hesitation, be deemed the most remarkable contribution modern times have made to the ancient literature of Bohemia. He is a thorough master of the literary antiquities of his country, and by his Starobylá Skládanie has admirably filled one of the blanks in the history of letters.

His father (he tells me) was a farmer, whom, up to his 16th year, he assisted in the labours of the field, and had no time for study but the wintry hours which he could dedicate to the village school. From the spring to the autumn he kept his father's sheep. The elements of the latin tongue he learned at home, and afterwards completed his knowledge of it at Hradeckrálowé (Königgratz). He studied philosophy at Prague—law at Vienna: his mother-tongue was always the object of his admiration, and in early life he "moralized in song." Polish and servian troops had been quartered on his father's farm, and from them he learned their native idioms. Having excited some notice, Dobrowsky became his patron and his instructor. His literary discoveries were the signal to his welcome into many distinguished societies—obtained for him the gold medal of the russian academy—marks of imperial favour from the emperor Alexander—and the most deserved respect and gratitude of all who feel any interest in slavonian antiquities.

Cekánj.

Gak se ten mēsjček.

Now the moon is rising
O'er the forest trees,
Fain would I inform me
Where my lover is:

For he made me promise,
Ere the moon should smile,
Here to wait his coming—
What a weary while!

All the cows—I've milk'd them—
O, the ling'ring hour:
I have wreath'd the arbor
With each fragrant flower.

WHEREFORE does he tarry?
Welcome would he be;
Many a kiss should meet him,
Come, O come to me!

O! HE comes—I hear him,
Yes! I hear him now—
No! it was the breezes
Rustling in the bough.

WHAT can have detained him—
Has some maiden's song?
Else he had not linger'd,
Linger'd there so long.

I HAD scatter'd flow'rets,
Flow'rets for his bed:
I had hung up ivy
Garlands o'er his head.

HAS some lambkin wander'd—
Does he track it now
Down the craggy mountain
To the deeps below?

O THOU silver planet—
Thou of palest beam!
Tell him that Lelida
Weeps—and weeps for him.

BUT if wolves have seiz'd him,
What have I to do,
Desolate Lelida—
But to perish too!

This song is in the second number of a collection published at Prague in 1816, entitled Dwanáctero Pjsnj. Professor Zimmermann has translated it into german.

HNEW.

Gednau sme w neděli.

ONCE seated with my love,
Upon the sod beneath
The blossom'd boughs above,

I stretch'd my hand to tear
Sweet flow'rets for a wreath,
And gave it to the fair.

I gave a burning kiss—
I said, what ails thee? tell,
And bind thy brows with this.

The winds were whispering while
Her tears unwonted fell:
She saw my raptur'd smile.

She utter'd pensively,
O! how it pain'd my ear—
"I cannot smile like thee."

"My maid! what ails thee now—
What means the averted eye?
I'll punish thee, I vow—"

"Silence—for shame"—she said,
"I saw thee secretly
Embrace another maid!"*

---

* See Dwanáctero Pjsnj—Prague, 1816. There are two german translations of this song; one by Professor Zimmermann—the other by Hanslik.

Nařek.

Ye wild and savage rocks,
Ah! listen to my songs;
To ye that tower so high,
Gigantic, towards the sky,
I will confide my wrongs.

And yet ye know my wrongs;
Ye know my secret woe—
The struggles of my soul—
My griefs—my doubts—the whole
Of sorrow's strife ye know.

Ye know how blest I seem'd,
When love was beaming o'er—
Ye know his solemn oath,
That bound—that pledg'd us both—
He broke the oath he swore.

And who can help me now?
Life's flowers and fruits are gone—
My roses are decay'd:
Ah! who shall help the maid,
Left with despair alone!

Často zamyšlený.

When slumbering I found me
Within the deep grove;
Sweet dreams gather'd round me,
Of thee, mine own love!

I saw thee before me,
All blooming as spring;
Thy smiles beaming o'er me—
A joy-giving thing.

Thy cheeks, they were glowing
With blushes all bright;
Thine eyes, they were flowing
With love and delight.

What bliss kindled thro' me—
Thy hand when I prest;
Thy lips smiling to me,
Said, lov'd one! be blest!

Yes! then thou wert seated—
Thy lips bore my kiss;
Thy kisses repeated
The rapture of bliss.

Of blessings, best blessing!
O joy! while I deem
My lips thine are pressing—
O joy!—'Twas a dream.

This is another of the Dwanáctero Pjsnj. There is a german translation by Hanslik.

Žofie Jandowa.

SOPHIA JANDOWA. Of this lady I have been able to obtain no other particulars than that she is the daughter of a bohemian schoolmaster, and is married in Moravia. She has published only two or three pieces of poetry, which I have found in the periodicals.

The Awakened Maid.

W modrosseru hwězdy zapadagi.

The stars in heaven's gray azure disappear—
The morning-lingerer shakes his trembling beams—
All, all is silent—all but chanticleer;
And I am rous'd from solitary dreams.

Upon the flowers is hung the sparkling dew—
I look abroad—the passing and the past
Hours of existence I retrace anew,
And waft deep sighs across the barren waste.

Some gloomy fate o'ershades me—heaviness
Weighs down my heart, and sorrow flows in tears,
And fear outpours its vials of distress—
And yet I know no cause of guilt—or fears.

I have no concience-smitings; but I see
Where'er I turn, the selfsame piercing eye—
Once, only once I looked on steadily,
Then turn'd me from the shade that flitted by.

Come golden dream—come cradle in thy arms
My overburden'd heart, and kindly keep
My soul from all these wakings—these alarms;
Come golden dream—come tranquillizing sleep.

"O go not back, sweet maid! for many a night—
Yes! many a night these dreams shall visit thee;
Shapes round thy windows flit at morning light—
Give him thy sighs—and love thy prize shall be."

Paul Joseph Šafarik.

Born 1795.

PAUL JOSEPH ŠAFAŘIK was born in 1795. He is now professor at the gymnasium of Neusatz, in Slavonia. His history of the slavonian language and literature is a work of extraordinary research, and a truly valuable compendium.

Oldřich and Božena.

Gen skokem, skokem za námi.

"Now courage! courage! all my merry men,
Break thro' the darksome woods to open sky:
There's smoke—there's vapour on the distant plain,
And sure there is some friendly village nigh."

Thus noble Oldřick from his horse address'd him
To the tired huntsmen, whose distress distress'd him,
And then he spurr'd again his weary steed—
Ah! his was very weariness indeed.

And thrice the evening sun had left the sky,
Since they were wandering in the gloomy wood;
And thrice the morning sun had mounted high,
Since lost among its shadow'd solitude
They stray'd; and now their hearts were faint and fearful:
Yet when they saw their valorous leader cheerful,
Their feeble spirits rous'd them up anew
To lead them even their coming perils through.

"Now, who has heard of this sequester'd spot,
Or who can tell this lonely village' name?"
So ask'd the noble prince—they answer'd not—
It was a quiet scene, unknown to fame:—
"Go Smjl! there is a village maiden washing
At yon bright stream which from the rocks is dashing,
And she will tell its name, and she will say
How far 'tis distant from the public way."

"God—God in heaven be with thee, lovely maid!"
"And God be with thee, man of noble blood!"
"What is that village far within the glade,
And what and whose is this fair neighbourhood?"
"That village, gentle sir! is *Desolation*;*
'Tis a day's journey from the nearest station
On the high way—unless like you, indeed,
The traveller's mounted on a sturdy steed."

So spoke the affrighted maiden, and hung down—
Alarm'd at her own words—her heaven-blue eyes.
A fiery passion through the breast has flown,
Of the rapt prince, and thus the prince replies:—
"Now tell *me*, maiden! in what Lord's dominion
This village lies—in faith—I'm of opinion
That when to wandering way-lost knight you spoke
Of 'Desolation' you but meant to joke."

---

* *Ztracená*, literally — the lost — abandoned — deserted. Ztracenj—loss—perdition.

"Our lord is Count Borowský—not unknown
Perchance to thee, sir knight!—this very day
He to the castle of his sires is gone;
It was but yesterday he pass'd this way:
Here in a horrid gulph our mountain river
Is lost—it rushes raging, thundering ever—
Hence to the gloomy spot, the gloomy name
Of 'Desolation' from gone ages came."

"What is *thy* name, fair daughter?"—"Božena;
And Křižin is my sire."—"Oh happy he,
Sweet maiden—happy—and all-honor'd they
Who have been favor'd with a gem like thee."
"Nay, sir! to trifle with the poor is cruel!"
"O say not trifle! thou court-worthy jewel—
Blush not—thou need'st not blush, but now farewell,
For time will have another tale to tell."

His steed sprang forward, as a falling star
Seems thro' the quiet vault of heaven to spring;
And they are gone—gone all—and heard afar
The dying echoes of their horse-hoofs ring.

"God of my fathers! O how strange and flighty,
With a poor maiden, are the proud and mighty:
O how my cheeks were burning, when he said,
'Time may tell other tales, thou lovely maid!"

And then his voice was silent—but her cheeks
Crimson'd—aye! crimson'd like an early rose:
Her heart beat high—she bids it rest—she speaks
In vain—its beating loud and louder grows.
The prince mov'd slowly o'er the fields—moved only
In erring steps, but sorrowful and lonely—
While every eye but his was gay and bright,
And every, every heart but his was light.

"Smil! tell me how such wond'rous charms are hid
In such a solitude—a gem so rare,
Conceal'd beneath so rude a coverlid—
Do village hawthorns such bright roses bear?
Now God shall be my witness—to this beauty
I'll pledge my marriage faith—my marriage duty:
She, only she my wedding bed shall share—
She only shall my wedding honors bear."

The sun sank down again beneath the hill—
Again his first beams on the mountain fall;
And still the prince is wandering forth—and still
His footsteps honor not his golden hall.
But now what splendid rows of light are waking,
What more than sunshine from the earth is breaking?
The walls have put their bright apparel on,
And streams of fire from every door are thrown.

Trara! Trara! the trumpet's sounds invite
The neighbouring peasants to the festal board;
And every bosom trembles with delight,
While bearing its allegiance to its lord.
"O noble prince! our master and protector—
Noble prince! our lord and benefactor."
He enters thro' the portal at the sound,
And then renew'd rejoicings swell around.

But the "renew'd rejoicings" soon are dumb,
And stillness is where late were noisy joys;
For love, with its anxieties, is come—
Come with its silence, solitude, and sighs.

" Such beauty, and such virtue shine upon her,
They, even the palace of a prince will honor :
None, none but she shall grace my marriage bed,
No other maiden in the world I'll wed."

So when the dawning, when the earliest dawn
Had driven away the darkness—and the power
Of daylight had that canopy withdrawn,
Hung o'er east's golden gates at morning hour—
" Know'st thou the desolate village—hasten thither,
And bring its fascinating maiden hither—
Milota ! speed thee, speed thee on thy way,
And tarry not a moment night or day.

"Speed thee—I bid thee speed; and say the prince—
The prince himself will wed th' unparallel'd :
Fly for the god-like child—fly swiftly—since
Till thou return I am in misery held.
Take thou this ring—I charge thee not to linger—
This princely ring, and place it on her finger;
And bring her swiftly to the castle gates,
Where welcome, with her marriage song, awaits."

"Blessings be with thee, prince! and princess! thou
Be blest with countless blessings!—thus we bear
Our consecration to the marriage vow,
And ask the blessings of the Eternal here!"
Voices of joy, until the sun retreated,
Rose from the palace—and when evening greeted
The guests—young virgins went, and blushing, spread
The fairest roses on the nuptial bed.

Krasořečnjk, p. 5.

Jarmila to Slawislaw.

Gak darmo prsy hožj.

How vainly, vainly burns my breast,
  It burns an unextinguish'd fire;
And what can still desire to rest?
  What stop the ragings of desire?

Can love, can burning love be quell'd
  By love's reciprocal return?
Alas! the fires my bosom held,
  Still raging in that bosom burn.

Where thorns around the rose-stem grew
  There pour'd I forth my plaints forlorn;
Where my desire to sadness flew,
  There did the rose-stem feed the thorn.

Yes! where desire to sadness fled,
  It was my only lot to sigh,
Where thorns were by the roses fed,
  There did my plaints ascend on high.

Alas! to sigh—to sigh—to sigh,
Is sweetness to a sadden'd breast:
Has love no consolation nigh—
Its sighs—and will they bring it rest?

And will they lull the soul from pain,
And sorrow's wild rebellions lull—
To sigh, and sigh, and sigh again,
Is sweetness to a sadden'd soul.

Fr. Turinsky,

Born 1796.

TURINSKY was born in 1796. He is a lawyer (advokat) in Moravia. His best known work is his *Angelina*, a tragedy, which has been translated into german.

The Maiden by the Stream.

Pere dĕwa u poloka.

The maiden in the flowing stream
Dry hemp doth lay;
Her tears are falling in the stream
From those blue eyes so bright, that beam
The live-long day.

"Say maiden! what disturbs thy peace
The livelong day?"
"Deep wounds have stabb'd my spirit's peace,
And nought shall bid its misery cease
But life's decay."

"And didst thou see a horrid dream
With pale affright?"
"O no! it was no frightful dream—
It was a shadow on the stream,
But not of night.

"It wore a wreath upon its head,
And took its flight;
Borne on the rapid stream it fled
With the green wreath upon its head—
My hopes to spite."

The maiden in the flowing stream,
Dry hemp doth lay;
Her tears are falling in the stream,
Her blue eyes paled with life's last gleam
That flits away.

FINIS.

T. C. Hansard, Printer,
Paternoster-row.